¶THE RIGHT EXCELlent and famous Hiſtorye, of *Promos* and *Caſſandra*:

Deuided into two Commicall Diſcourſes.

In the ſyrſte parte is ſhowne, the

vnſufferable abuſe, of a lewde Magiſtrate:

The vertuous behauiours of a chaſte Ladye:

The vncontrowled leawdenes of a fauoured Curtiſan.

And the vndeſerued eſtimation of a pernicious Paraſyte.

First Edition.

In the ſecond parte is diſcourſed,

the perfect magnanimitye of a noble kinge, in checking Vice and fauouringe Vertue:

Wherein is ſhowne, the Ruyne and ouerthrowe, of diſhoneſt practiſes: with the aduauncement of vpright dealing.

The worke of George Whetſtones Gent.

Formæ nulla fides.

TO HIS WORSHIPFVLL friende, and Kinſeman, *William Fleetewoode Eſquier, Recorder* of London.

SYr, (deſirous, to acquite your tryed frendſhips, with ſome token of good will:) of late I peruſed diuers of my vnperfect workes, fully minded to beſtowe on you, the trauell of ſome of my forepaſſed time. But (reſolued to accompanye, the aduenturous Captaine, Syr *Humfrey Gylbert*, in his honorable voiadge,) I found my leyſure too littel, to correct the errors in my ſayd workes. So that (inforced) I leſte them diſparſed, amonge my learned freendes, at theyr leaſure, to poliſh, if I faild to returne: ſpoyling (by this meanes) my ſtuddy of his neceſſarye furnyture. Amonge other vnregarded papers, I fownde this Diſcourſe of *Promos* and *Caſſandra*: which, for the rareneſſe, (& the needeful knowledge) of the neceſſary matter contained therein (to make the actions appeare more liuely,) I deuided the whole hiſtory into two Cõmedies: for that, *Decorum* vſed, it would not be conuayde in one. The effects of both, are good and bad: vertue intermyxt with vice, vnlawfull deſyres (yf it were poſible) queancht with chaſte denyals: al needeful actions (I thinke) for publike vewe. For by the reward of the good, the good are encouraged in wel doinge: and with the ſcourge of the lewde, the lewde are feared from euill attempts: maine-tayning this my oppinion with *Platoes* auctority. *Naughtineſſe, commes of the corruption of nature, and not by readinge or hearinge the liues of the good or lewde (for ſuch publication is neceſſarye,) but goodneſſe (ſayth he) is beawtifyed by either action.* And to

theſe endes : *Menander*, *Plautus*, and *Terence*, them ſelues many yeares ſince intombed, (by their Commedies) in honour, liue at this daye . The auncient *Romanes*, heald theſe ſhowes of ſuche prile, that they not onely allowde the publike exerciſe of them, but the graue Senators themſelues countenaunced the Actors with their preſence: who from theſe trifles wonne morallytye, as the Beeſuckes honny from weedes. But the aduiſed deuiſes of auncient Poets, diſtedited, with the tryfels of yonge, vnaduiſed, and raſhe witted wryters, hath brought this commendable exercise in miſlike. For at this daye, the *Italian* is ſo laſciuious in his cõmedies, that honeſt hearers are greeued at his actions: the *Frenchman* and *Spaniarde* folowes the *Italians* humor : the *Germaine* is too holye : for he preſentes on euerye common Stage, what Preachers ſhould pronounce in Pulpets. The *Englishman* in this quallitie, is moſt vaine, indiſcreete, and out of order : he fyrſt groundes his worke, on impoſſibilities: then in three howers ronnes he throwe the worlde: marryes, gets Children ; makes Children men, men to conquer kingdomes, murder Monſters, and bringeth Gods from Heauen, and fetcheth Diuels from Hel. And (that which is worſt) their ground is not ſo vnperfect, as their workinge indiſcreete: not waying, ſo the people laugh, though they laugh them (for theyr follyes) to ſcorne: Manye tymes (to make mirthe) they make a Clowne companion with a Kinge : in theyr graue Counſels, they allow the aduiſe of fooles: yea they vſe one order of ſpeach for all perſons: a groſe *Indecorum*, for a Crowe, wyll yll counterfet the Nightingales ſweete voice: euen ſo, affected ſpeeche doth miſbecome a Clowne. For to worke a Cõmedie kindly, graue olde men, ſhould inſtruct: yonge men, ſhould ſhowe the imperfections of youth: Strumpets ſhould be laſciuious: Boyes vnhappy: and Clownes, ſhould ſpeake diſorderlye: enterminglingall theſe actions, in ſuch ſorte, as the graue matter, may inſtruct: and the pleaſant, delight : for without this chaunge, the

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attention, would be ſmall: and the likinge, leſſe.

But leaue I this rehearſall, of the vſe, and abuſe of Commedies: leaſt that, I checke that in others, which I cannot amend in my ſelfe. But this I am aſſured, what actions ſo euer paſſeth in this Hiſtory, either merry, or morneful: graue, or laſciuious: the concluſion ſhowes, the confuſion of Vice, and the cheriſing of Vertue. And ſythe the end tends to this good, although the worke (becauſe of euel handlinge) be vnworthy your learned Cenſure, allowe (I beſeeche you) of my good wyll, vntyl leaſure ſerues me, to perfect, ſome labour of more worthe. No more, but that, almightye God be your protector, and preſerue me from dainger, in this voiadge, the xxix. of Iuly. 1578.

(.˙.)

Your Kinſman to vſe,
George Whetſtone.

¶ The Printer to the Reader.

GEntle Reader, this labour of Maister Whetstons, came into my handes, in his lyst coppy, whose leasure was so lyttle (being then readie to depart his country) that he had no time to worke it a new, nor to geue apt instructions, to prynte so difficult a worke, beyng full of varietie, both matter, speache, and verse: for that euery sundry Actor, hath in all these a sundry grace: so that, if I commit an error, without blaming the Auctor, amend my amisse: and if by chaunce, thou light of some speache that seemeth dark, consider of it with iudgement, before thou condemne the worke: for in many places he is driuen, both to praise, and blame, with one breath, which in readinge wil seeme hard, & in actiō, appeare plaine. Using this courtesy, I hould my paynes well satisfyed, and Maister Whetston vniniured: and for my owne part, I wil not faile to procure such bookes, as may profit thee with delight.

-(.˙.)-

Thy friend. R. I.

The Argument of the whole Historye.

IN the Cyttie of *Iulio* (sometimes vnder the dominion of *Corninus* Kinge of *Hungarie*, and *Boemia*) there was a law, that what man so ever committed Adultery, should lose his head, & the woman offender, should weare some disguised apparrel, during her life, to make her infamouslye noted. This seuere lawe, by the fauour of some mercifull magistrate became little regarded, vntill the time of Lord *Promos* auctority: who conuicting, a yong Gentleman named *Andrugio* of incontinency, condemned both him, and his minion to the execution of this statute. *Andrugio* had a very vertuous, and beawtiful Gentlewoman to his Sister, named *Cassandra*: *Cassandra* to enlarge her brothers life, submitted an humble petition to the Lord *Promos*: *Promos* regarding her good behauiours, and fantasying her great beawtie, was much delighted with the sweete order of her talke: and doyng good, that euill might come thereof: for a time, he repryu'd her brother: but wicked man, bowing his liking vnto vnlawfull lust, he set downe the spoile of her honour, raunsome for her Brothers life: Chaste *Cassandra*, abhorring both him and his lust, by no perswasion would yeald to this raunsome. But in fine, wonne with the importunitye of hir brother (pleading for life:) vpon these conditions, she agreede to *Promos*. First that he should pardon her brother, and after marry her. *Promos* as fearelesse in promisse, as careless in performance, with sollemne vowe, sygned her conditions: but worse then any Infydel, his will satisffyed, he performed neither the one nor the other: for to keepe his auctheritye, vnspotted with fauour, and to prevent *Cassandraes* clamors, he commaunded the Gayler secretly, to present *Cassandra* with her brothers head. The Gayler, with the outcryes of *Andrugio*, (abhorryng *Promos* lewdenes, by the prouidence of God, prouided thus for his safety. He presented *Cassandra* with a Felons head newlie executed, who (being mangled, knew it not from her brothers, by the Gayler, who was set at libertie) was so agreed

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ued at this trecherye, that at the pointe to kyl her ſelfe, she ſpared that ſtroke, to be auenged of *Promos*. And deuiſyng a way, she concluded, to make her fortunes knowne vnto the kinge. She (executinge this reſolution) was ſo highly fauoured of the King, that forthwith he haſted to do Iuſtice on *Promos*; whoſe iudgement was, to marrye *Caſſandra*, to repaire her craſed Honour: which donne, for his hainous offence he should loſe his head. This maryage ſolempniſed, *Caſſandra* tyed in the greateſt bondes of affection to her huſband, became an earneſt ſuter for his life: the Kinge (tendringe the generall benefit of the cõmon weale, before her ſpecial eaſe, although he fauoured her much) would not graunt her ſute. *Andrugio* (diſguiſed amonge the company) ſeeinge the griefe of his ſiſter, bewrayde his ſafetye, and craued [illegible]. The Kinge, to renowne the vertues of *Caſſandra*, [illegible] both him, and *Promos*. The circumſtances of this rare Hiſtorye, in action lyuelye foloweth.

(.*.)

The Hiſtorie, of *Promos* and *Caſſandra*.

Actus. I. *Scena*. I.

¶ Promos, Mayor, Shirife, Swordebearer: One with a bunche of keyes: Phallax, *Promos man*.

YOu Officers which now in *Iulio* ſtaye,
Know you our leadge, the King of *Hungarie*:
Sent me *Promos*, to ioyne with you in ſway:
That ſtyll we may to Iuſtice haue an eye.
And now to ſhow, my rule & power at lardge,
Attentiuelie, his Letters Pattents heare:
Phallax, reade out my Soueraines chardge.

Phal. As you commaunde, I wyll: giue heedefull eare.

¶ Phallax *readeth the Kinges Letters Patents, which muſt be fayre written in parchment, with ſome great counterfeat zeale.*

PRo. Loe, here you ſée what is our Soueraignes wyl,
Loe, heare his wiſh, that right, not might, beare ſwaye:
Loe, heare his care, to weede from good the yll,
To ſcourge the wights, good Lawes that diſobay.
Such zeale he beares, vnto the Common weale,
(How ſo he byds, the ignoraunt to ſaue)
As he commaundes, the lewde do rigor faile.
Such is his wiſh, ſuch is my wyll to haue:
And ſuch a Iudge, here *Promos* bowes to be.
No wylfull wrong, sharpe puniſhment ſhall myſſe,
The ſimple thrall, ſhalbe iudged with mercie,
Each ſhall be dombde, euen as his merite is:
Loue ſhall not ſtaye, nor hate reuenge procure,
Ne yet ſhall Coyne, corrupt or foſter wrong:
I do proteſt, whylſte that my charge indure,
For friende nor foe, to ſinge a partiall ſong.
Thus haue you heard, howe my Commiſſion goes,
Ye abſent, I preſent our Soueraigne ſtyll:
It aunſweres then, each one his dutie ſhowes,
To me, as him, what I commaunde and wyll.

Loue, hate and gaine, the cauſes of Iniuſtice.

Ma. Worthy Deputie, at thy chardge we ioye,
We doe ſubmitte our ſelues, to worke thy heaſt:
Receyue the ſword of Iuſtice to deſtroy,
The wicked impes, and to defend the reſt.
Shri. Our Citty keyes, take wiſht Liftenaunt heare,
We doe committe our ſaletie to thy head:
Thy wyſe foreſight, will kéepe vs voyde of feare,
Yet wyll we be aſſiſtant ſtill at néede.
Pro. Both Sworde and Keies, vnto my Princes vſe,
I do receyue and gladlie take my chardge.
It reſteth nowe, for to reforme abuſe,
We poynt a tyme, of Councell more at lardge,
To treate of which, a whyle we wyll depart.
Al ſpeake. To worke your wyll, we yéelde a wylling hart. *Exeunt.*

Actus. 1. Scena. 2.

Lamia, a Curtizane, entreth ſynging.

The Song. ALL a flaunt now vaunt it, braue wenche caſt away care,
With Layes of Loue chaunt it, for no coſt ſee thou ſpare:

Sith Nature hath made thee, with bewty moſt braue,
Sith Fortune doth lade thee, with what thou wouldſt haue.
Ere Pleaſure doth vade thee, thy ſelfe ſet to ſale:
All wantons wyll trade thee, and ſtowpe to thy ſtale.

All a flaunt, *Vt Supra.*

Yong Ruflers maintaines thee, defends thee and thine,
Olde Dottrels retaines thee, thy Beuties ſo ſhine:
Though many diſdaynes thee, yet none maye thee tuch:
Thus Enuie refraynes thee, thy countenaunce is ſuch.

All a flaunt, *Vt Supra:*

¶ Triumphe

TRiumphe fayre *Lamia* now, thy wanton flag aduaunce,
Set forth thy selfe to braueſt show, boſt thou of happy chaunce:
Gyrle, accompt thou thy selfe the chéefe, of Lady Pleasures traine,
Thy face is faire, thy forme cõtent, thy Fortunes both doth staine.
Euen as thou wouldſt, thy house doth stande, thy furniture is gay,
Thy wœdes are braue, thy face is fine, & who for this doth paye?
Thou thy self? no, the ruſhing Youthes, ỳ bathe in wanton bliſſe,
Yea, olde and doting foles sometimes, do helpe to paye for this.
Frée coſt betwœne them both I haue, all this for my behoue,
I am the sterne, ỳ gides their thoughts, lyke what I like, they loue
Few of them sturre, that I byd staie, if I bid go, they flye:
If I on foe purſue reuenge, *Alarme* a hundred crye.
The braueſt I their harts, their handes, their purses holde at wyl,
Joynde with the credite of the beſt, to bowlſter mœ in yll.
But seé wher as my truſtie man, doth run, what newes brings he?

Shee speaketh.

Actus. I. *Scena*. 3.

Rosko (Lamias man) *Lamia*.

ROſ. Good people, did none of you, my miſtreſſe *Lamia* seé?
La. *Rosko*, what newes, that in ſuch haſte you come blowing?
Roſ. Miſtreſſe, you muſt shut vp your shops, & leaue your occupying.
La. What so they be, fonliſh knaue, tell mœ true?
Roſ. Vh yll, for thirtie besydes you.
La. For mee good fellowe, I praye thee why so?
Roſ. Be patient Miſtreſſe, and you shall knowe,
La. Go too, saye on:
Roſ, Marrie, right nowe at the Sessions I was,
And thirtie muſt to *Truſſum corde* go.
Among the which (I weepe to showe) alas:
La. Why, what's the matter man?
Roſ. O *Andrugio*,
For louing too kindlie, muſt looſe his heade,
And his sweete hart, muſt weare the shamefull weedes:
Vndainde for Dames, that fall through fleshly deedes.

 La. Is

La. Is this offence, in queſtion come againe?
Tell, tell, no more, 'tys tyme this tale were done:
See, ſee, howe ſone, my triumphe turnes to paine.
Roſ. Miſtreſſe, you promiſed to be quiet,
For Gods ſake, for your owne ſake, be ſo
La. Alas poore *Roſko*, our dayntie dyet,
Our brauerie and all we muſt forgo.
Roſ. I am ſorie.
La. Yea, but out alas, ſorrowe wyll not ſerue:
Roſko, thou muſt needes prouide thee elſe where,
My gaynes are paſt, yea, I my ſelfe might ſtarue:
Saue that, I did prouide for a deare yeare.
Roſ. They reward layre (their harueſt in the ſtacke,)
When winter coms, that byd their ſeruaunts packe.
Alas Miſtreſſe, if you turne mee off now,
Better then a Roge, none wyll me allowe.
La. Thou ſhalt haue a Paſporte,
Roſ. Yea, but after what ſorte?
La. Why, that thou wart my man.
Roſ. O the Judge, ſylde ſhowes the fauour,
To let one theefe, bayle another:
Tuſh I know, ere long you ſo wyll ſlyp awaye,
As you, for your ſelfe, muſt ſeeke ſome teſtimony
Of your good lyfe.
La. Neuer feare: honeſtly
Lamia nowe meanes to lyue, euen tyll ſhe dye.
Roſ. As iumpe as Apes, in vewe of Nuttes to daunce,
Lytte wyll to kinde, of cuſtome, or by chaunce:
Well, howe ſo you ſtande vpon this holy poynt,
For the thing you knowe, you wyll ieobarde a ioynt.
La. Admitte I woulde, my hazarde were in vaine.
Roſ. Perhappes I know, to turne the ſame to gaine.
La. Thou comforts mee, good *Roſko*, tell mee howe?
Roſ. You wyl be honeſt, 'twere fyn to hinder you.
La. I dyd but ieaſt, good ſweete ſeruaunt tell mee.
Roſ. Sweete ſeruaunt now, and late, pack fyr, god bwy ye.

La. Tuſh

La. Tush, to trye thy vnwillingnesse, I dyd but iest.
Ros. And I do but trye, how long you woulde be honest.
La. I thought thy talke was to swæte to be true.
Ros. Yea, but meant you, to byd honestie adue?
La. No, I dyd so long since, but inforste by nede,
To byd him welcome home againe, I was decrede.
Ros. Uerie good Mistresse, I know your minde,
And for your ease, this remedie I finde:
Prying abroade, for playe fellowes and such,
For you Mistresse, I heard of one *Phallax*,
A man estæmde, of *Promos* verie much:
Of whose Nature, I was so bolde to aye,
And I smealt, he lou'd lase mutton well.
La. And what of this?
Ros. Marry of this, if you the waye can tell
To towle him home, he of you wyll be fayne:
Whose countenaunce, wyll so excuse your faultes,
As none for life, dare of your lyfe complaine.
La. A good deuice, God graunt vs good successe:
But I praye thee, what trade doth he professe?
Ros. He is a paltrie petyfogger.
La. All the better, suspition wyll be the lesse.
Well, go thy wayes, and if thou him espye,
Tell him from mee, that I a cause or two,
Woulde put to him, at leysure wyllinglie.
Ros. Yir case is so common, that smal pleading wyl serue,
I go (nay ronne) your commaundement to obserue.
La. Aye me alas, lesse *Phallax* helpe, poore wench vndone I am:
My foes nowe in the winde, wyll lye to worke my open shame:
Now enuious eyes will prie abroade, offenders to intrap,
Of force now *Lamia*, must be chaste, to shun a more mishap.
And wanton girle, how wilt thou shift, for garments fine and gay?
For dainty fare, can crusts cõtent? who shal thy houserent pay?
And that delights thee most of all, thou must thy daliaunce leaue?
And can then the force of lawe, or death, thy minde of loue bereaue?
In good faith, no: the wight that once, hath tast the fruits of loue,
Untill hir dying daye will long, Sir *Chaucers* iests to proue.

The scurge of lawe (and not zeale) keepeth the lewde in awe.

La. Is this offence, in queſtion come againe?
Well, tell, no more, 'tys tyme this tale were done:
See, ſee, howe ſone, my triumphe turnes to paine.
Roſ. Miſtreſſe, you promiſed to be quiet,
For Gods ſake, for your owne ſake, be ſo
La. Alas poore *Rosko*, our daintie dyet,
Our braverie and all we muſt forgo.
Roſ. I am ſorie.
La. Yea, but out alas, ſorrowe wyll not ſerue:
Rosko, thou muſt nedes prouide thee elſe where,
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Actus.1.Sce.4.

Lamias mayde, *Lamia.*

MAy. Forſoth Miſtris your thraule ſtayes for you at home,
La. Were you borne in a myll, curtole? you prate ſo hye:
May. The gentelman, that came the laſt day with Captain *Pris*:
La. What young *Hipolito?*
May. Euen he.
La. Leaſt he be gone, home hye:
And will *Dalia* pop him in the neather rome,
And kepe the falling doze cloſe tyll I come:
And tell my thraule his fortune wyll not ſtaye.
May. Wyll you ought elſe? *Exet.*
La. Pratyng viren away.
Gallants adue, I venter muſt *Hipolito* to ſe.
Ye is both young and welthy yet, the better ſpoyle for me.
Note My hallard for his ſake I tre we, ſhall make him pray and pay:
Ye: he: ſhal pranck me in my plumes, and deck me braue and gay,
Of Curtiſie, I praye you yet, if *Phallax* come this waye,
Repoze to put a caſe with him, leaue *Lamia* long dyd ſtay.

Exet.

Actus. 2. Scena. 1.

Caſſandra, a mayde.

CAſſ. Aye mee, vnhappy wenche that I muſt liue the day,
To ſee *Andrugio* tymeles dye, my brother and my ſtay.
The onely meane, God wot, that ſhould our houſe aduaunce,
Who in the hope of his good hap, muſt dy through wanton chance:
O blynde affectes in loue, whoſe tormentes none can tell,
Yet wantons wyll byde fyre, and froſt, yea hallard death, nay hell:
The force of loue. To taſte thy ſowre ſweete frutes, digeſted ſtyll with care,
Fowle fall thee loue, thy ligbining ioyes, hath blaſted my welfare
Thou fyerſt affection fyrſt, within my brothers breſt.

Thou

Thou mad'ſt *Polina* graũt him (earſt) euen what he would requeſt:
Thou mad'ſt him craue and haue, a proſe of *Venus* meede,
For which foule act he is adiudgd, eare long to loſe his heade.
The lawe is ſo ſeuere, in ſcourging fleſhly ſinne,
As marriage to worke after mends doth ſeldome fauor win.
A law firſt made of zeale, but wreſted much amis.
Faults ſhould be meaſured by deſart, but all is one in this, *A good*
The lecher fyerd with luſt, is puniſhed no more, *lawe yll*
Then he which fel through force of lone, whoſe mariage ſalues his *executed*,
So that poore I diſpayre, of my *Andrugios* lyfe, (lore:
O would my dayes myght end with his, for to appeaſe my ſtryfe.

Actus. 2. Scena. 2.

Andrugio in priſon, *Caſſandra*.

AN. My good Syſter *Caſſandra*?
Caſſ. Who calleth *Caſſandra*?
An. Thy wofull brother *Andrugio*.
Caſ. *Andrugio*, O diſmall day, what gréefes, doe mée aſſayle?
Condempned wretch to ſée thée here, faſt fettered now in Jayle,
How haps thy wits were witched ſo, ỹ knowing death was mæde
Thou wouldeſt commit (to ſlay vs both) this vile laciuious dæde.
An. O good *Caſſandra*, leaue to check, and chide me thraule therfore
If late repentaunce, wrought me helpe I would doe ſo no more.
But out alas, I wretch, too late, doe ſorrowe my amys,
Unles Lord *Promos* graunt me grace: in vayne is hadywiſt,
Wherfore ſweete ſiſter, whyleſt in hope, my dãpned lyfe yet were,
Aſſaulte his hart, in my behalfe, with battering tyre of teares.
If thou by ſute doeſt ſaue my lyfe, it both our ioyes will be,
If not it may ſuffice thou ſoughſt, to ſet thy brother free:
Wherefore ſpeede to proroge my dayes, to morrowe elſe I dye.
Caſ. I wyll not fayle to pleade and praye, to purchaſe the mercye,
Farewell awhyle, God graunte mee well to ſpeede.
An. Syſter adew, tyl thy returne, I lyue, twene, hope, and dreede.

Caſſ.

Caſ. Oh happy tyme, ſæ where Lord *Promos* comes?
Now tongue addreſſe thy ſelfe, my minde to wray.
And yet leaſt haſte worke waſte, I hold it beſt,
In covert, for ſome aduauntage, to ſtay.

Actus. 2. Scena. 3.

¶ *Promos* with the *Shriefe* and their Officers.

PRo. Tis ſtrange to thinke, what ſwarms of vnthrifts liue,
Within this towne, by rapine ſpoyle and theft:
That were it not, that Iuſtice ofte them greeue,
The iuſt mans goods, by Ruflers ſhould be reft.
At this our Syſe, are thirty iudgde to dye,
Whoſe falles I ſæ, their fellowes ſmally feare:
So that the way, is by ſeuerity,
Such wicked weedes, euen by the rootes to teare:
Wherefore *Shriefe*, execute with ſpeedy pace,
The dampned wightes, to cutte of hope of Grace.

Shriefe. It ſhalbe done.

Caſſandra *to hir ſelfe,*

Caſ. O cruell words they make my hart to bleede,
Now, now, I muſt, this dome ſeeke to revoke,
Leaſt grace come ſhort, when ſtarued is the ſeede:

She kneeling ſpeakes to Promos.

Moſt mighty Lord, & worthy Judge, thy iudgemẽt ſharpe abate,
Vaile thou thine eares, to heare the plaint, that wretched I relate,
Behold the wofull Syſter here, of poore *Andrugio*,
Whom though that lawe awardeth death, yet mercy do him ſhow:
Way his yong yeares, the force of loue, which forced his amis,
Way, way, that Mariage, works amends, for what committed is,
He hath defilde no nuptial bed, nor forced rape hath mou'd,
He fel through loue, who neuer ment, but wiue & wight he lou'd.
And wãtons lure, to keepe in awe, theſe ſtatutes firſt were made,
Or none but luſtfull leachers, ſhould, with rygrous law be payd.
And yet to adde intent thereto, is farre from my pretence,
I ſue with teares, to wyn him grace, that ſorrows his offence.

¶ Wherefore

Wherefore herein, renowned Lorde, Juſtice with pitie payſe:
Which two in equal ballance waide, to heaue your fame will raiſe.
Pro. *Caſſandra*, leaue of thy bootleſſe ſute, by law he hath bene tride,
Lawe founde his faulte, Lawe iudgde him death:
Caſ. Yet this maye be replide,
That law a miſchiefe oft permits, to keepe due forme of lawe,
That lawe ſmall faultes, with greateſt domes, to keepe men ſtyl in awe:
Yet kings, or ſuch as execute, regall authoritie:
If mends be made, may ouer rule, the force of lawe with mercie.
Here is no wylful murder wrought, which areth blod againe,
Andrugios faulte may valued be, Mariage wipes out his ſtayne.
Pro. Faire Dame, I ſæ ẏ naturall zeale, thou beareſt to *Andrugio*,
And for thy ſake (not his deſart) this fauour wyll I ſhowe:
I wyll reprieue him yet a whyle, and on the matter pawſe,
To morrowe you ſhall lycence haue, a freſh to pleade his cauſe:
Shrieſe execute my charge, but ſtaye *Andrugio*,
Untill that you in this behalfe, more of my pleaſure knowe.
Shri. I wyll performe your wyll:
Caſ. O moſt worthy Magiſtrate, my ſelfe thy thrall I finde,
Euen for this lytle lightning hope, which at thy handes I finde.
Now wyl I go and comfort him, which hangs twirt death & life. *Exit.*
Pro. Happie is the man, that inioyes the loue of ſuch a wife,
I do proteſt, hir modeſt wordes, hath wrought in me a maze.
Though ſhe be faire, ſhe is not deackt, with gariſh ſhewes for gaze,
Hir bewtie lures, hir lookes cut off, fond lutes with chaſt diſdain.
O God I fæle a ſodaine change, that doth my freedome chayne.
What didſt thou ſay? fie *Promos* fie: of hir auoide the thought,
And ſo I will, my other cares wyll cure what loue hath wrought.
Come awaye. *Exeunt.*

Actus. 2. Scena. 4.

Phallax, Promos offycer, *Gripax*, and *Rapax* Promoters.

PHal. My truſty friendes about your buſineſſe ſtraight,
With ſymple ſhowes, your ſubtile meanings bayte:

Promoths all faults, vp into my office,
Then turne me loſe, the offenders to fleece.
Gri. Tuſh, to finde lawe breakers let me alone,
I haue eyes, will loke into a Pylſtone.
Phal. God a mercy *Gripax*.
Ra. And I am ſo ſubtyll ſighted I trowe,
As I the very thoughts of men do know:
Gri. I fayth *Rapax*, what thought thy wife when ſhe,
To lye with the preeſt, by night ſtole from thee?
Ra. Marry ſhe knew, you and I were at ſquare,
And leaſt we fell to blowes, ſhe did prepare.
To arme my head, to match thy horned browe.
Gri. Goe and a knaue with thee,
Ra. I ſtay for you:
Phal. No harme is done, here is but blow for blow,
Byrds of a fether, beſt flye together,
Then like partners, about your market goe,
Marrowes adew. God ſent you fayre wether.
Gri. Fare you well, for vs take no care,
With vs this blode ſpeche ſildome braedeth ſquare. *Exeunt.*

Phallax ſolus.

Phal. Marry ſyr, welfare an office, what ſome euer it be,
The very countenaunce, is great, though ſlender be the fee,
I thanke my good Lord *Promos* now, I am an officer made,
In ſooth more by hap then deſart, in ſecret be it ſayde:
No force for that, each ſhyft for one, for *Phallax* will do ſo,
Well fare a head can take his tyme, nay watch for time I trow.
I ſmyle to thinke of my felicities; how ſome braue it, ſome waight,
And thinke reward, there ſeruice iuſt, with offred ſhifts wyl bayght
When they (poore ſoules) in troth do falle a myle vpon account,
For flattery and feruent pleſing, are meanes to make men mount:
I ſpeake on proofe, Lord *Promos*, I haue pleaſed many a day,
Yet am I neither learned, true, nor honeſt any way.
What ſkyls for that, by wit or wyle, I haue an office got,
By force wherof euery lycence, warrant, pattent, paſport,
Leace, fyne, fee, *et cetera*, pas and repas, through *Phallax* hands,
Diſordred perſons byde me wel, to eſcape from *Iuſtice* bands,

A note for way-layers.

And

And welthy churles for to promote, I now haue ſet a worke,
Such hungry lads, as ſone will ſmell, where ſtatute breakers lurk,
And if they come, within our Grype, we meane to ſtripe them ſo,
As (if they ſcape from open ſhame) their bagges with vs ſhall goe.
And truſt me this, we officers, of this mylde mould are wrought,
Agree with vs, and ſure your ſhame by vs ſhal not be ſought.
But ſoft a whyle, I ſee my Lord what makes him lowre ſo,
I wyll intrude into his ſight, perhaps his greefe to know.

Actus. 2. Scena. 4.

Phallax. Promos.

PRo. Well mette *Phallax*, I long haue wyſht to ſhowe,
A cauſe to thee which none but I yet know.
Phal. Say on my Lord, a happy man weare I:
If any way, your wiſh I could ſupply:
Pro. Faine would I ſpeake, but oh, a chylling feare,
(The caſe is ſuch) makes me from ſpeech forbeare.
Phal. Theſe wordes my Lord (whome euer haue bene inſt)
Now makes me thinke, that you my truth miſtruſt,
But ceaſe ſuſpect, my wyll with yours ſhall gree,
What ſo (or againſt whome) your dealing be.
Pro. Againſt a wight of ſmall account it is,
And yet I feare, I ſhall my purpoſe myſs.
Phal. Feare not my Lorde, the olde Prouerbe doth ſaye,
Faynt harts doth ſteale fayre Ladyes feld away.
Pro. Fayre Ladyes D, no Lady is my loue,
And yet ſhe ſure, as coye as they wyl proue.
Phal. I thought as much, loue dyd torment you ſo.
But what is ſhe that dare ſaye *Promos* noe?
Pro. Doe what one can, fyre wyll breake forth I ſee,
My words vnwares, hath ſhowen what greeueth me,
My wound is ſuch, as loue muſt be my leache.
Which cure wyll bryng, my Gravity in ſpeeche,

For what maye be, a folly of more note,
Then for to see, a man gray heard to dote.
Phal. No my Lorde, *Amor omnia vincit*,
And *Ouid* sayth, *Forma numen habet*.
And for to proue, loues seruice seemes the wise,
Set *Sallamon* and *Sampson*, before your eyes:
For wyt, and strength, who wonne the cheefest prise.
And both lyu'd by the lawes loue did deuise,
Which proues in loue, a certaine godhed lyes.
And Goddes rule yearely, by wisdome from the skyes:
Whose wyls (thinke I) are wrought best by the wise.
In deede diuine, I thinke loues working is,
From reasons vse, in that my sences swarue,
In pleasure paine, in payne I fynde a blysse,
On woe I leede, in sight of foode I stearue:
These strange effects, by loue are lodgd in mee,
My thoughts are bound, yet I my selfe am free.
Phal. Well my Good Lord, I are (with pardon sought)
Who she may be, that hath your thrauldome wrought?
Pro. The example is such, as I sygh to showe,
Syster she is, to dampned *Andrugio*.
Phal. All the better for you the game doth goe.
The prouerbe sayth, that kyt wyll vnto kinde,
If it be true this comfort, then I fynde:
Cassandras flesh is as her brothers, frayle,
Then wyll shee stoupe, (in cheefe) when Lords assayle.
Pro. The contrary (through feare) doth worke my payne,
For in her face, such modesty doth raigne,
As cuttes of louing sutes, with chaste disdayne.
Phal. What loue wyll not, necessity shall gayne,
Her brothers lyfe, will make her glad and fayne.
Pro. What is it best, *Andrugio* free to set,
Ere I am sure, his systers loue to gette?
Phal. My louyng Lord, your seruaunt meanes not so,
But if you will, else where in secret goe:
To worke your wyll, a shift I hope to showe.

Pro. With

Pro. With ryght good wyll, for such my sickness is.
As I shall dye, if her good will I mys. *Exeunt.*

Actus.2.Scena.5.

The *Hangman*, with a greate many ropes abought his necke.

THe wynd is yl, blowes no mans gaine, for cold I méde not care,
Here is nyne and twenty sutes of apparrell for my share:
And some berlady very good, for so standeth the case,
As neyther gentelman, nor other Lord, *Promos* sheweth Grace.
But I marueil much poore slaues, that they are hanged so soone,
They were wont, to staye a day or two, now scarce an after noone:
All the better for the hangman, I pardons dreaded fore,
Would cutters sane, whose clothes are good, I neuer feard the pore:
Let mée se, I must be dapper in this my facultie,
Yeare are new ropes, how are my knots, I faith fyr slippery.
At fast or loose, with my *Giptian*, I meane to haue a cast:
Tenne to one I read his fortune by the Marymas fast,
Serg. A way, what a stur is this, to see men goe to hanging?
Hang. Harke, god bwy ye, I must begone, the prisners are a cōming.
Exit.

Actus.2.Scena.6.

Sixe prisoners bounde with cordes, Two *Hacksters*, one *Woman*, one lyke a *Giptian*, the rest poore *Roges*, a *Preacher*, with other Officers.

WIth harte and voyce to thee O Lorde, *They sing.*
At latter gaspe, for grace we crie:
Vnto our sutes, good God accorde,
Which thus appeale, to thy mercie.

Forsake vs not, in this distresse,
Which vnto thee, our sinnes confesse:
Forsake vs not, in this distresse,
VVhich vnto thee, our sinnes confesse.

First Hackster, HAc. Al sorts of men beware by vs, whom presēt death assaults,
Looke in your conscience what you find, & sorow for your faults:
Example take by our fresh harmes, see here the fruites of pride,
I for my part deserued death, long ere my theft was spide.
O careles youth, lead, lead awrie, with euerie pleasing toy,
Note well my words, they are of worth, ẏ cause though my annoy.
Shun to be prauckt, in peacocks plumes, for gaze which only are,
Hate, hate, the dyce, euen as the diuell, of wanton Dames beware:
These, these, wer they, ẏ suckt my welth, what folowed thē in need?
I was intist by lawles men, on theeuish spoyles to feede.
And nusled once in wicked deedes, I feard not to offende,
From bad, to worse, and worst I fell, I would at leysure mende.
But oh presuming ouer much, styll to escape in hope,
My faultes were found, and I adiudgde, to totter in a rope:
To which I go with these my mates, likewise for breach of lawes,
For murder some, for theeuerie some, and some for litle cause.
Second. Hackster. ¶ Beware dere frends of quarelling, thirst spoile of no mās breath,
Blood, areth blood, I shedding blood. vntimelie catch my death.
A woman. VVo. Maides & women, shun pride, & sloth, the rootes of euery vice,
My death ere lōg, wil shew their ends, God graūt it make you wise.
A scoffing catchpole. Ca. How now *Giptian*? All a mort knaue, for want of company?
Be crustie man, ẏ *Hangman* straight, wil reade Fortunes with thee.
The preacher. Prea. With this thy scoffing speach, good friend offend him not,
His faults are scorged, thine scape (perhaps) that do deserue his lot?
A poore Roge. Rog. Jesus saue me, I am cast, for a purse with three halfepence.
A churlish officer. Of. Dispatch prating knaue, and be hangd, ẏ we were iogging hēce.

¶ They leysurablie depart synging. The *Preacher* whispering some one or other of the Prisoners styll in the eare.

Our

OUr ſecrete thoughts, thou Chriſt doſt knowe, *They ſing.*
VVhome the worlde, doth hate in thrall:
Yet hope we that, thou wilt not ſoe,
On whome alone, we thus do call.
Forſake vs not, in this diſtreſſe,
VVhich vnto thee, our ſinnes confeſſe,
Forſake vs not, &c.

Actus. 3. Scena. 1.

Promos, alone.

PRo. Do what I can, no reaſon cooles deſire,
The more I ſtriue, my fonde affectes to tame:
The hotter (oh) I feele, a burning fire
Within my breaſt, vaine thoughts to forge and frame.
Straying effectes, of blinde affected Loue,
From wiſdomes pathes, which doth aſtraye our wittes:
Which makes vs haunt, that which our harmes doth moue,
A ſickneſſe lyke, the Feuer Ettick fittes:
Which ſhakes with colde, when we do burne like fire.
Euen ſo in Loue, we freeſe, through chilling feare,
When as our hartes, doth frye with hote deſire:
What ſaide I: lyke to Ettick fittes, nothing neare:
In ſowreſt Loue, ſome ſweete is euer ſuckt.
The Louer findeth peace, in wrangling ſtrife,
So that if paine, were from his pleaſure pluckt,
There were no Heauen, like to the Louers life.
But why ſtande I to pleade, their ioye or woe:
And reſt vnſure of hir I wiſh to haue.
I knowe not if *Caſsandra* loue, or no:
But yet admytte, ſhe graunt not what I craue,
If I be nyce, to hir brother lyke to giue:

Might maſters right.

Yir brothers life, too much wyll make hir yeelde,
A promiſe then, to let hir brother lyue:
Hath force inough, to make hir flie the fielde.
Thus though ſute fayle, neceſſitie ſhall wyn,
Of Lordlie rule, the conquering power is ſuch:
But (oh ſweete ſight) ſee where ſhe enters in,
Both hope and dreade, at once my harte doth tuch.

Actus. 3. Scena. 2.

Caſſandra, Promos.

Caſſandra *Speakes to her ſelfe.*

CAſſ. I ſee two thralles, ſweete ſeemes a lytle ioye,
For fancies free, *Andrugios* breaſt hath ſcope:
But leaſt detract, doth rayſe a new annoye,
I nowe will ſeeke to turne, to happe his hope.
See, as I wiſht, Lord *Promos* is in place,
Nowe in my ſute, God graunt I maye finde grace.

Shee kneeling ſpeaks to Promos.

Renowned Lorde, whylſt life in me doth laſt,
In homage bondes, I binde my ſelfe to thee:
And though I did thy goodneſſe lately taſte,
Yet once againe, on knees I mercie ſeeke:
In his behalfe, that hanges twixt death and life,
Who ſtyll is preaſt, if you the mendes do leeke:
His lawles loue, to make his lawfull wife.

Pro. Faire Dame, I wel haue wayd thy ſute, & wiſh to do thée good,
But all in vaine, al things conclude, to haue thy brothers blood:
The ſtricknes of the lawe condempnes, an ignorant abuſe,
Then wylfull faultes are hardlie helpt, or cloked with excuſe:
And what maye be more wylfull, then a Maide to violate.

Caſ. The force was ſmal, when with hir wyl, the wretch ỹ conqueſt gate.

Pro. Lawe euer at the worſt, doth conſter euyl intent.

Caſ. And lawe euen with the worſt, awardes them puniſhment:
And ſith that rigorous lawe adiudgd him to dye,
Your glorie will be much the more, in ſhowing him mercie.

The world will think, how ỹ you do, but graũt him grace on cause,
And where cause is, there mercy should abate the force of lawes.
Pro. *Cassandra* in thy brothers halfe, thou hast sayde what may be
And for thy sake, it is, if I doe set *Andrugio* frée:
Short tale to make, thy beauty hath, surprysed mee with loue,
That maugre wit, I turne my thoughts, as blynd affections moue.
And quite subdude by *Cupids* might, nède makes mée sue for grace
To thée *Cassandra*, which doest holde, my frédome in a lace.
Yélde to my will, and then commaund, euen what thou wilt of mée,
Thy brothers life, and all that else, may with thy liking gré.
Cas. And may it be, a Iudge himself, the selfe same fault should vse: Cassãdra *to hir self.*
For which he domes, an others death, O crime without excuse.
Renowned Lorde, you vse this speach (I hope) your thrall to trye,
If otherwise, my brothers life, so deare I will not bye.
Pro. Faire Dame my outward loks, my inward thoughts bewray,
If you mistrust, to search my harte, would God you had a kaye.
Cas. If that you loue (as so you saye) the force of loue you know,
Which fealt, in conscience you should, my brother fauour show.
Pro. In doubtfull warre, one prisoner still, doth set another frée.
Cas. What so warre sékes, loue vnto warre, contrary is, you sée.
Yate fostreth warre, loue cannot hate, then maye it couet force.
Pro. The Louer ofte sues to his foe, and findeth no remorse:
Then if he hap to haue a helpe, to wyn his frowarde foe,
To kinde a fole, I will him holde, that lets such vantage goe.
Cas. Well, to be short, my selfe wyll dye, ere I my honor staine,
You know my minde, leaue off to tempt, your offers are in vaine.
Pro. Bethink your self, at price inough I purchase swæt your loue,
Andrugios life suffis'd alone, your straungenes to remoue:
The which I graunt, with any wealth that else you wyll require.
Who buyeth loue at such a rate, payes well for his desire.
Cas. No *Promos*, no, honor neuer at value maye be solde,
Honor farre dearer is then life, which passeth price of golde:
Pro. To vnie this Iuell at the full, my wife I may thée make:
Cas. For vnsure hope, that pæreles pearle, I neuer will forsake:
Pro. These sutes sæmes strange at first I sée, wher modesty beares sway, *To himself.*
I therfore wil set down my wyll, & for hir answer staye.

Fayre *Caſſandra*, the iuell of my ioye,
Howe ſo in showe, my tale, ſeemes ſtraunge to thee:
The ſame well waide, thou need'ſt not be ſo coye,
Yet for to giue thee reſpite to agree,
I wyll two daies hope ſtyll of thy conſent,
VVhich if thou graunt (to cleare my clowdes of care)
Cloth'd like a Page (ſuſpect for to preuent.)
Vnto my Court, ſome night, ſweet wenche repaire.

Tyl then adue, thou theſe my wo2ds, in wo2ks per fo2m'd ſhalt find.

Caſ. Farewel my Lo2d, but in this ſute, you bottles waſt your wind:
Caſſandra, O moſt vnhappy, ſubiect to euerie woe, (show?
What tõgue can tel, what thought cõceiue, what pen thy griefe can
Whom to ſcurge, Nature, heauẽ & earth, do heapes of thral o2dain,
Whoſe wo2ds in waſte, whoſe wo2ks are loſt, whoſe wiſhes are in
That which to others cõfo2t yẽlds, doth cauſe my heuy chẽr, (vain.
I meane my beautie bẽdes my bale, which many hold ſo dẽre.
I woulde to God that kinde elſe where, beſtowed had this blaſe,
My vertues then had wrought regard, my ſhape now giues ẏ gaſe:
This fo2me ſo *Promos* fiers with Loue, as wiſdom can not quench,
His hote deſire, tyll he luſt, in *Venus* ſeas hath dro2ncht.

At theſe wordes *Ganio* muſt be readie to ſpeake.

Actus 3. Scena. 3.

Ganio, *Andrugios* boye, *Caſſandra*.

GA. Miſtres *Caſſandra*, my Maſter lõgs to heare of your good ſpẽd,
Caſ. Po2e *Ganio* his death alas, fierce Fo2tune hath decrẽd:
Ga. His death: God fo2byd, all his hope ſhould turne to ſuch ſucceſſe,
Fo2 Gods ſake, go and com fo2t him, I ſo2rowe his diſtreſſe.
Caſ. I nẽdes muſt go, although with heauy chẽre.
Ga. Sir, your ſyſter *Caſſandra* is here. *Exit.*

Actus.

Actus.3.Scena.4.

Andrugio *out of prison.* Cassandra *on the stage.*

AN. My *Cassandra* what newes, god sister showe?
Cas. All thinges conclude thy death *Andrugio*:
Prepare thy selfe, to hope it ware in vaine.
An. My death, alas what raysed this new disdayne?
Cas. Not Iustice zeale, in wicked *Promos* sure:
An. Sweete, show the cause, I must this dome indure?
Cas. If thou dost liue I must my honor lose,
Thy raunsome is, to *Promos* fleshly wyll
That I do yelde: then which I rather chose,
With torments sharpe, my selfe he first should kyll:
Thus am I bent, thou seest thy death at hand,
O would my life, would satisfie his yze,
Cassandra then, would cancell sone thy band.
An. And may it be a Iudge of his account,
Can spot his minde, with lawles loue or lust?
But more, may he doome any fault with death:
When in such faute, he findes himselfe intrust.
Syster, that wise men loue we often see,
And where loue rules, gainst thornes doth reason spurne.
But who so loues, if he reiected be,
His passing loue, to peeuish hate will turne.
Deare sister then, note how my fortune stands,
That *Promos* loue, the like is oft in vse:
And sith he craue, this kindnesse, at your hands,
Thinke this, if you his pleasure do refuse.
I in his rage (poore wretch) shall sing *Peccani*.
Here are two euyls, the best harde to digest,
But where as things are driuen vnto necessity,
There are we byd, of both euyls chose the least:

Caſ. And of theſe euils, the leaſt, I hold is death,
To ſhun whoſe dart, we can no meane deuiſe,
Yet honor lyues, when death hath done his worſt,
Thus fame then lyfe is of farre more emprize:
An. Nay *Caſſandra*, if thou thy ſelfe ſubmyt,
To ſaue my life, to *Promos* fleaſhly wyll,
Iuſtice wyll ſay, thou doſt no cryme commit:
For in forſt faultes is no intent of yll.
Caſſ. How ſo th'intent, is conſtrued in effence,
The Prouerbe ſaies that tenne good turnes lye dead,
And one yll dade, tenne tymes beyonde pretence,
By enuious tounges, report abrode doth ſpread:
Andrugio ſo, my fame, ſhall vallewed bee,
Diſpite wyll blaſe my crime, but not the cauſe:
And thus although I fayne would ſet thee free,
Poore wench I feare, the grype of ſlaunders pawes.
An. Nay ſweete ſiſter more ſlaunder would infame,
Your ſpotles lyfe, to reaue your brothers breath:
When you haue powre, for to enlarge the ſame,
Once in your handes, doth lye my lyfe, and death.
Way that I am, the ſelfe ſame fleſh you are,
Thinke I once gone, our houſe will goe to wrack:
Knowe forced faultes, for ſlaunder neede not care:
Loke you for blame, if I quaile through your lack.
Conſider well, my great extremitie,
If other wiſe, this doome I could revoke:
I would not ſpare, for any ieberdye:
To free thee wench, from this ſame heauy yoke.
But ah I ſee, elſe, no way ſaues my life.
And yet his hope, may further thy conſent,
He ſayde, he maye percaſe make thee his wife,
And t'is likelie, he can not be content
With one nights ioye: if loue he after ſeekes,
And I diſcharged, if thou alone then be,
Before he loſe thy ſelfe, that ſo he leekes,
No doughte but he, to marryage, wyll agree.

Caſ. And

Cas. And shall I sticke to stoupe, to *Promos* wyll,
Since my brother inioyeth lyfe thereby?
No, although it doth my credit kyll,
Ere that he should, my selfe would chuse to dye.
My *Andrugio*, take comfort in distresse,
Cassandra is wonne, thy raunsome great to paye,
Such care she hath, thy thraldome to release:
As she consentes, her honor for to slay.
Farewell, I must, my virgins weedes forsake:
And lyke a page, to *Promos* lewde repayre. *Exit.*
An. My good sister to God I thee betake,
To whome I pray, that comforte change thy care.

Actus. 3. Scena. 5.

Phallax alone.

PHal. Tis more then straunge, to see Lord *Promos* plight,
He fryskes abought, as bydes ware in his breech.
Euen now he seemes (through hope) to taste delight,
And straight (through feare) where he clawes it doth not ytch.
He museth now, straygbt wayes the man doth sing.
(A sight in sooth, vnseemely for his age:)
He longing lokes, when any newes shal bring,
To speake with him, without there waytes a page,
O worthy wit (fyt for a *Iudges* head)
Vnto a man to chaunge a shiftles mayde,
Wyncke not on me, t'was his, and not my deede:
His, nay, his rule, this *Metamorphos* made,
But *Holla* tongue, no more of this I pray,
Non bonus est, ludere cum sanctis.
The quietest, and the thryftiest course they say,
Is, not to checke, but prayse great mens amys,
I finde it true, for soothing *Promos* baine:
None lyke my selfe, is lykte in his conceyte,

While fauour laſt, then goo, I ſiſt for gaine:
(For Grace wyll not byte alwayes at my bayte)
And as I wiſh, at hande, good Fortune, ſee:
Here coms *Phallax*, and *Gripax*, but what's this,
As good, as fayre handſell, God graunt it bee:
The knaues bring a Woman, *Coram nobis*.

Actus. 3. Scena. 6.

¶ *Phallax, Gripax, Rapax*, a *Bedell*, and one with a browne Byll, bring in *Lamia*, and *Rosko* hir man.

La. Teare not my clothes my friends, they coſt more thē you are ware,
Be. Tuſh, ſoon you ſhal haue a blew gown, for theſe take you no care
Ro. If ſhe take thy offer poore knaue, thy wife would ſtarue wō cold:
Gri. Well ſyr, whipping ſhall kēpe you warme.
Phal. What meanes theſe knaues to ſcolde.
Ra. Maiſter *Phallax*, we finde you in good time,
A *Woman* here, we haue brought afore you:
One to be chargde with many a wanton crime.
Which tryall will, with proofe inough finde true:
A knaue of hirs, we haue ſtayed likewiſe,
Both to be vſ'd, as you ſhall vs aduiſe.
Phal. What call you hir name?
Ra. *Lamia*.
Phal. Faire Dame, hereto what do you ſaye?
La. Worſhipfull Sir, my ſelfe I happy reake,
With patience that my aunſwer you will heare:
Theſe naughtie men, theſe wordes on mallice ſpeake,
And for this cauſe, yll wyll to me they beare.
I ſcorne to kēpe, their mindes with money playe,
I meane to kēpe, my life from open ſhame,
Yea, if I lyu'd, as lewdlie as they ſaye:
But I that knewe, my ſelfe vnworthy ſhame:
Shrunk not, to come vnto my triall nowe,
My tale is tolde, conceyue as lyketh you.

Phal. My

Phal. My friends, what proofe haue you against this dame?
Speake on sure ground, least that you reape the shame:
The wrong is great, and craues great recompence.
To touch her honest name, without offence.
Gri. All *Iulio* hyr doth ryng of her lewd lyfe:
Byl. In deede she is knowne for an yole huswife.
Ros. He lyes, she is occupied day and night.
Phal. To sweare against her is there any wight?
Ra. No, not present, but if you do detayne her.
There wilbe found by oth, some that wyll stayne her,
Phal. I see she is then on suspition stayde:
Whose fawltes to search, vpon my charge is layde,
From charge of her I therfore will set you free,
My selfe will search her faultes if any be,
A Gods name you may depart.
2 or. 3. speake, God buy hyr.
Gri. In such shares as this, henceforth I will begin,
For all is his, in his clawes, that commeth in. *Exeunt.*
Phal. Fayre *Lamia*, since that we are alone,
I plainely wyll discourse to you my minde,
I thinke you not to be so chast a one,
As that your lyfe, this fauor ought to fynde:
No force, for that, since that you scot free goe,
Unpunished, whose life is iudged yll:
Yet thinke (through loue) this grace the Iudge doth show,
And loue with loue ought to be answered styll.
La. Indeede I graunt (although I could reproue,
Their lewde Complayntes, with goodnesse of my lyfe)
Your curtesy, your better doth me proue,
In that you tooke (my honest fame in stryfe,)
My aunswere for discharge of their report:
For which good turne, I at your pleasure rest,
To worke amends, in any honest sort:
Phal. Away with honesty, your answeare then in sooth,
Fyts me as iumpe as a pudding a Friars mouth,

He

Roſ. Ye is a craftie childe, dally, but do not.
La. Tuſh, I warrant thee, I am not ſo whot,
Your wordes are to harde Sir, for me to conſter.
Phal. Then to be ſhort, your rare bewtie my hart hath wounded ſo,
As (ſaue your loue, become my leach) I ſure ſhall die with woe.
La. I ſee no ſigne of death, in your face to appeare,
Tis but ſome vſuall qualme you haue, pitifull Dames to feare.
Phal. Faire *Lamia*, truſt me I faine not, betimes beſtow ſom grace.
La. Well, I admit it ſo, onelie to argue in your caſe.
I am maried, ſo that to ſet your loue on me were vaine:
Phal. It ſuffiſeth me, that I may your ſecrete friend remaine.
Roſ. A holie Hoode, makes not a Frier deuoute,
Ye will playe at ſmall game, or be ſitte out.
La. Though for pleaſure, or to proue me, theſe prokers you do moue,
You are to wiſe, to hallarde life, vpon my yeelding loue:
The man is painde with preſent death, that vſeth wanton pleaſure.
Phal. To ſcape ſuch paine, wiſe men, theſe ioyes, without ſuſpect cã
Furthermore, I haue ben (my Girle) a Lawier to to lõg: (meaſure,
If at a pinche, I cannot wreſt the Law from right to wrong.
La. If lawe you do profeſſe, I gladlie craue,
In a cauſe or two, your aduiſe to haue.
Phal. To reſolue you, you ſhall commaunde my ſkyll,
Wherfore like friendes, lets common in good wyll,
La. You are a merie man, but leaue to ieaſt,
To morrowe night, if you will be my Geaſt:
At my poore houſe, you ſhall my cauſes knowe,
For good cauſe, which I meane not here to ſhowe.
Phal. Willinglie, and for that, haſte calles me hence,
My ſute tyll then, ſhall remaine in ſuſpence:
Farewell Clyent, to morrow looke for me: *Exit.*
La. Your good welcome Sir, your beſt cheere will be.
Roſ. I tolde you earſt, the nature of *Phallax*,
Money, or faire Women, worke him as waxe:
And yet I muſt commend your ſober cheere,
You tolde your tale, as if a Saint you were.

La. Well

La. Well (in ſcreéte, be it ſayde) how ſo I ſéemd diuine,
I feared once, a blew gowne, would haue bene my ſhrine.
But nowe that paine is ſtead, and pleaſure kéepes his holde,
I knowe that *Phallax* will, my Fame henceforth vpholde:
To entertaine which Geaſt, I will ſome dayntie chéere prepare,
Yet ere I go, in pleaſant Song, I meane to purge my care.

The Song.

Adue poore care, adue,
Go, cloye ſome helples wretche:
My life, to make me rue,
Thy forces do not ſtretche.

Thy harbor, is the harte,
Whom wrong, hath wrapt, in woe:
But wrong, doth take my parte,
With cloke of right in ſhoe.

My faultes, inquirie ſcape,
At them the Iudges winke:
Thoſe for my fall that gape,
To ſhowe my lewdneſſe ſhrinke.

Then ſilly care go packe,
Thou art no Geaſt for mee:
I haue, and haue, no lacke,
And lacke, is ſhrowde for thee.

Exeunt.

Actus. 3. Scena. 7.

Caſſandra, apparelled like a Page.

CAſ. Vnhappy wretche, I bluſh my ſelfe to ſée,
Apparelled thus monſtrous to my kinde:
But oh, my wædes, wyll with my fault agrée,
When I haue pleaſde, lewde *Promos* fleſhlie minde.

What ſhall I dw, go proffer what he ſought?
Or on more ſute, ſhall I giue my conſent?
The beſt is ſure, ſince this muſt nædes be wrought:
I go, and ſhowe, næde makes me to his bent.
My ſluddes of teares, from true intent which floe.
Maye quenche his luſt, or ope his muſled eyen,
To ſee that I deſerue to be his wife:
Though now conſtrainde to be his Concubine.
But ſo, or no, I muſt the vent er giue,
No daunger feares the wight, prickt forth by næde:
And thus lyke one more glad to dye, then lyue,
I forewarde ſet, God graunt me weli to ſpæde. *Exit.*

Actus 4. Scena. 1.

Dalia, Lamias Maide, going to market.

DA. With my Miſtreſſe, the worlde is chaunged well,
She feарde of late, of whipping chære to ſmell:
And nowe againe, both gallant, freſh and gaye,
Who in *Iulio* flauntes it out, lyke *Lamia*?
A luckie friende (yea, one that beareth ſwaye)
Is nowe become, a proppe, of ſuch a ſtaye:
To hir good name, as who is he dare ſaye:
That *Lamia* doeth offende, nowe any waye?
This, hir good friende, wyll be hir Geaſt this night,
And that he maye in his welcome delyght.
To market I, in haſte, am ſent to buye,
The beſt chcare, that, I fallen on my eye.

Exit.

Actus

Actus. 4. *Scena*. 2.

Promos alone.

PRo. By proofe I finde, no reaſon coles deſire,
Caſſandraes ſute, ſuffiſed to remoue
My lewde requeſt, but contrarie, the fire,
Hir teares inflam'd, of luſt, and filthy Loue.
And hauing thus, the conqueſt in my handes,
No prayer ſeru'de to worke reſtraint in mee:
But needes I woulde vntye the precious bandes,
Of this fayre Dames ſpotles Virginitie.
The ſpoyle was ſweete, and wonne euen as I woulde,
And yet vngainde, tyll I had giuen my trothe,
To marie hir, and that hir brother ſhoulde
Be free from death, all which I bounde with oathe:
It reſteth nowe (vnleſſe I wrong hir much)
I kepe my vowe: and ſhall *Andrugio* lyue?
Such grace wou'de mee, with vnindifferencie tuch.
To pardon him, that dyd commit a Rape,
To ſet him free, I to *Caſſandra* ſware:
But no man elſe, is priuie to the ſame,
And rage of Loue, for thouſande oathes nyll ſpare,
More then are kept, when gotten is the game.
Well, what I ſayde, then Louer like I ſayde,
Nowe reaſon ſayes, vnto thy credite looke:
And hauing well, the circumſtaunces wayde,
I finde I muſt, vnſweare the oathe I tooke:
But double wrong, I ſo ſhould do *Caſſandra*.
No force for that, my might, commaundeth right,
Hir preuie marme, hir open cryes will ſtaye:
Or if not ſo, my frowning will hir fright,
And thus ſhall rule, conceale my filthy deede.
Nowe forthwith, I wyll to the Gayler ſende,
That ſecretelie *Andrugio* he behead,
Whoſe head he ſhall, with theſe ſame wordes commend.

To *Caſſandra*, as *Promos* promiſt thee,
From priſon loe, he ſendes thy Brother free.

Actus. 4. Scena. 3.

Caſſandra.

CAS. Fayne would I wretch conceale, the ſpoyle of my virginity,
But O my guilt doth make me blush, chaſt virgins here to ſee:
I monſter now, no mayde nor wife, haue ſtoupte to *Promos* luſt,
The cauſe was nether ſute nor teares, could quench his wātō thurſt
What cloke wyll ſcule my crime? my ſelfe, my conſcience doth accuſe
And ſhall *Caſſandra* now be termed, in common ſpeche, a ſtrives?
Shall ſhe, whoſe vertues bare the bell, be calld a vicious dame?
O cruell death, nay hell to her, that was conſtraynd to ſhame:
Alas few wyll giue forth I fynd, to ſaue my brothers lyfe:
And fayntly I through *Promos* othes, do hope to be his wife.
For louers feare not how they ſweare, to wyn a Lady fayre,
And hauing wonne what they did wiſh, for othes nor Lady care,
But be he iuſt or no, I ioy *Andrugio* yet ſhall lyue,
But ah, I ſee a ſight, that doth my hart a ſunder ryue.

Actus. 4. Scena. 4.

Gaylar, *with a dead mans head in a charger* Caſſandra.

GAy. This preſent wilbe Calle I know, to fayre *Caſſandra*.
Yet if ſhe knewe as much as I, moſt ſweete I dare well ſay,
In good tyme, ſee where ſhe doth come, to whome my arrand is:
Caſ. Alas his haſty pace to me, ſhowes ſome what ie amys.
Gay. Fayre *Caſſandra* my Lord *Promos*, commends him vnto thée,
To keepe his word, who ſayes from priſon he ſends thy brother free.
Caſ. Is my *Andrugio* done to death? fye, fye of faythles truſt,
Gay. Be quiet Lady, law found his fault, thē was his iudgemēt iuſt

Caſ. Well

Cas. Wel my good friend, show *Promos* this, since law hath don this
I thank him yet, he would vouchsaf on me my brothers head, (dead
Loe this is all now geue me leaue to rew his losse alone.
Gay. I wyll performe your will, and wish you cease your mone.
Cass. Fare well.
Gay. I sure had showen what I had done, her teares I pitied so,
But that I wayde, that women syld, do dye with greefe and woe,
And it behoues me to be secret or else my neck verse cun,
Well now to pack my dead man hence, it is bye tyme I run.
Cas. Is he past sight, then haue I time to wayle my woes alone,
Andrugio, let mee kis thy lippes, yet ere I fall to mone.
O would that I could wast to teares, to wash this bloody face,
Which fortune farre beyond desart hath followed with disgrace.
O *Promos* false, and most vnkinde, both spoyld of loue and ruth,
O *Promos* thou dost wound my hart, to thinke on thy vntruth,
Whose plyghted fayth, is tourned to frawd, & words to works vniust
Why doe I lyue vnhappy wench, syth treason quites my trust,
O death deuorse me wretch at once, from this same worldly lyfe,
But why do I not slay my selfe, for to appease thys stryfe?
Perhaps within this wombe of myne, an other *Promos* is:
I so by death shalbe auenged of him in murthring his,
And ere I am assured that, I haue reuenged this deede,
Shall I dispatch my lothed life? that hast, weare more then spéede.
So *Promos* would triumphe that none his Tiranny should know,
No, no this wicked fact of his so slightly shall not goe:
The king is iust and mercyfull, he doth both heare and sée:
Sée mens desarts, heare their complaynts, to Iudge with equity.
My wofull case with spéede, I wyll vnto his grace addresse,
And from the first, vnto the last, the truth I wyll confesse.
So *Promos* thou, by that same lawe shalt lose thy hated breth,
Through breach wherof, thou didst condemne *Andrugio* vnto death
So doing yet, the world will say I broke *Dianas* lawes, cause:
But what of that? no shame is myne, when truth hath showne my
I am resolued, the king shall knowe of *Promos* iniury,
Yet ere I goe, my brothers head, I wyll inaraued see. *Exit.*

Actus.4.Scena.5.

Gayler, Andrugio.

GAy. *Andrugio*, as you loue our liues, forthwith post you away.
For Gods sake to no lyuing friend, your safety yet bewraye:
The prouerbe sayth, two may kæpe counsell if that one be gone.
An. Assure thy selfe, most faithful friend, I wylbe knowne to none:
To none alas, I sæ my scape yældes mæ but small relæfe,
Cassandra, and *Polina* wyll destroye themselues, with grafe:
Through thought ý I am dead: they dead, to liue what helpeth me?
Gay. Leaue of these plaints of smal auaile, thank God ý you are fræ,
For God it was, within my mind, that did your safety moue,
And that same God, no doubt wyl worke for your and their behoue:
An. Most faithful friend, I hope that God, wyl worke as you do say,
And therfore, to some place vnknowne, I wyl my selfe conuaye.
Gayler, fare wel: for thy good dæde, I must remayne thy debter,
In meane whyle yet receyue this gyft, tyll fortune sends a better:
Gay. God bwy syr, but kepe your mony, your need you do not know.
An. I pas not now for forturs threats, yea though hir force she show
And therefore styck not to receyue this smale reward in part.
Gay. I wyll not sure, such proffers leaue, tys time you doe depart.
An. Since so thou wilt, I wylbe gone adue tyl fortune smile. *Exit.*
Gay. Syr, fare you wel, I wyl not fayle to pray for you the while.
Well, I am glad, that I haue sent him gone,
For by my fayth, I lyu'd in perlous feare:
And yet God wot, to sæ his bytter mone,
When he should dye, would force a man forbeare,
From harming him, if pitty might beare sway:
But sæ how God hath wrought for his safety:
A dead mans head, that suffered th'other day,
Makes him thou'ht dead, through out the citie.
Such a iust, good and righteous God is he:
Although awhyle he let the wicked raygne,
Yet he relæues, the wretch in misery,

And

And in his pryde, he throwes the tyraunt downe.
I vſe theſe wordes, vpon this onely thought,
That *Promos* long his rod can not eſcape:
Who hath in thought, a wylfull murder wrought,
Who hath in act perfomd a wicked rape,
Gods wyll be done, who well *Andrugio* ſpeede,
Once well I hope, to heare of his good lucke,
For God thou knoweſt my conſcience dyd this déede,
And no deſire of any worldly muck. *Exit.*

Actus. 4. Scena. 6.

Dalia *from Market.*

DA. In good ſweete ſoth, I feare I ſhalbe ſhent,
It is ſo long: ſince I to market went,
But truſt me, wylofowle are ſuch coſtly geare,
Specially, woodcoks, out of reaſon deare,
That this houre, I haue the market bett,
To driue a bargayne to my moſt profyt:
And in the end I chaunſt to light on one,
Fyt me as pat, as a pudding *Pope Ione*.
Other market maydes pay downe for their meate,
But that I haue bought, on my ſcore is ſet.
Well fare credit when mony runneth low,
Marry yet, Butchers, the which do credit ſo:
(As much Good meate, as they kyll) may perchaunce,
Be glad and fayne at beryng cobs to daunce.
What force I that? euery man ſhyft for one,
For if I ſtarue, let none my fortune mone,
She faynes to goe out,

Actus.

Actus.4.Scena.7.

Grimball, Dalia, eyther of them a Basket.

GRi. Softe *Dalia*, a woorde with you, I praye.
Da. What friend, *Grimbal*, welcome as I maye saye:
Gri. Sayst thou me so, then kysse me for acquaintaunce.
Da. If I lyke your manhoode, I may do so perchaunce.

She faynes to looke in his basket.

Gri. Bate me an ase, quoth *Boulton*, Tush, your minde I know:
Ah syr, you would, be like, let my Cocke Sparrowes goe.
Da. I warrant thee *Grimball*. She takes out a vvhite pudding:
Gri. Laye off handes *Dalia*.
You powte me, if that you got, my Pudding awaye:
Da. Nay good sweete, honny *Grimball*, this Pudding giue mee.
Gri. Iche were as good geete hir, for she wyll hate, I see.
Well, my nown good harte roote, I freelie giue thee this,
Upon condition, that thou giue me a kys.
Da. Nay, but first wash your lippes, with sweete water you shall,
Gri. Why ych was ryte now, for my Pudding, hony sweet *Grimbal*:
Well *Dalia*, you will floute so long, tyll (though I saye)
With kindnesse you wyll cast a proper handsome man away,
Uherfore soote Conny, euen a lyttle spurte:
Da. Laye off handes Sir:
Gri Good do not byte, for ych meane thee no hurte:
Come off Pyggesnie, prefarre me not a iote,
Da. Uhat woulde the good foole haue,
Gri. Uhy, you woot whote.
Hearke in your eare:
Da. You shall commaunde, so proper a man ye are.
That for your sake, I wyll not sticke to ware:
A blew Cassocke, during my lyfe forsoothe,
Mary for my sake, I woulde be verie lothe:
So goodlie a handsome man, should lose his head.

Gri. Nay,

Gri. Nay, for my head, care not a Tinkers tode,
For so God iudge me, and at one bare worde:
Ple lose my death, yea, and my great browne Cowe,
I loue you so filthilie: law ye nowe.
Da. Thou sayest valiantlie, nowe sing, aswell tw:
And thou shalt quicklie knowe, what I meane to dw.
Gri: Yes by Gogs sote, to pleasure thee, ych shall,
Both syng, spring, fight and playe, the dewl and all.
Da. O lustilie:

The Song.

Gri. Come smack me, come smack me, I long for a smouch,
Da. Go pack thee, go pack thee, thou filthie fine slouch.

GRi. Leard howe I loue thee,
Da. This can not moue mee:
Gri. Why pretie Pygsney, my harte, and my honny?
Da. Because goodman Hogsface, you woe without mony.
Gri. I lacke mony, chy graunt,
Da. Then *Grimball* auaunt.
Gri. Cham yong sweete hart, and feate, come kysse me for loue,
Da. Crokeshanke, your Iowle is to great, such lyking to moue.
Gri. What meane you by this?
Da. To leaue thee by gys.

Gri. First smack me, first smack, I dye for a smouch,
Da. Go pack thee, go pack thee, thou filthy fine slouch. *Exit.*

GRi. *Dalia*, arte thou gone? what wolt serue me soe?
O God, cham readie to raye my selfe for woe:
Be valiaunt *Grimball*, kyll thy selfe man?
Nay, bum Ladie, I will not by Saint *Anne*.
Ich haue bearde my great Grandsier saye:
Maide will saye naye, and take it: and so she maye,
And therfore chyll, to Mistresse *Lamia*,
With these Puddings, and Cock Sparowes, by and by:
And in the darke, againe, ych wyll hir trye. *Exit:*

Actus.5.Scena.1.

Phallax *alone.*

PHal. I maruell much what worketh ſo my Lord *Promos* vnreſt,
He fares as if a thouſand Deuils, were gnawing in his breſt:
There is ſure ſome worme of griefe, that doth his conſcience nip,
For ſince *Andrugio* loſt his head, he hath hung downe the lippe.
And truth to ſay, his fault is ſuch as well may greue his mynd,
The Deuill himſelfe could not haue vſde, a practiſe more vnkind.
This is once, I loue a woman, for my life, as well as he, (mée.
But (fayre dames) with her that loues mée. I deale well with, truſt
Well, leaue I now my Lord *Promos*, his owne dædes to aunſwere,
Lamia I know lokes, and double lokes, when I come to ſupper:
I thought as much: ſæ, to ſæke mæ, heare comes her Aple ſquier.

Actus.5.Scena.2.

Rosko Phallax.

Roſ. O that I could find Maſter *Phallax*. the meat burnes at ỹ fire:
And by your leaue, *Andrugios* death, doth make my miſtris ſweate.
Phal How now *Rosko*?
Roſ. If you ſyr? my Miſtris doth intreate,
That with all ſpæde, your worſhip will come away to ſupper:
The meate and all is ready to ſet vpon the borde ſyr.
Phal. Gramercy for thy payne, I was euen comming to her.
Roſ. You are the welcomſt man alyue to her I know,
And truſt mæ at your commaundement remayneth poore *Rosko*.
Phal. It is honeſtly ſayd, but now tell mée,
What quality haſt, that I may vſe thée?
Roſ. I am a Barbour, and when you pleaſe ſyr,
Call (and ſpare not) for a caſt of roſe water.
Phal. But heare me, canſt thou heale a grëne wound well?
Roſ. Yea, grëne and ould.
Phal. Then thy beſt were to dwel,

In some vsuall place or streete, where, through frayes,
Thou mayst be set a worke with wounds alwayes.
Ros. I thanke my Mistris I haue my hands full,
To trym gentelmen of her acquayntaunce:
And I trust Syr, if that your worship chaunce.
To haue nede of my helpe, I shall earne your mony.
Afore an other.
Phal. That thou shalt truly:
But syrra, where dwels *Lamia*?
Ros. Euen heare syr, enter I pray.
Phal. That I wyl sure, if that my way be cleare.
Ros. Yes sir, her dores be open all the yeare. *Exeunt.*

Actus. 5. Scena. 3.

Polina, (*the mayde, that* Andrugio
lou'd) *in a blew gowne.*

PO. *Polina* curst, what dame a lyue hath cause of griefe lyke thée
Who (wonne by loue) hast yeld the spoyle of thy virginity?
And he for to repayre thy fame, to marry thee, that vowde,
Is done to death for first offence, the second mends not lowde.
Great shame redounds to thée, O *Loue*, in leaning vs in thrall:
Andrugio and *Polina* both, in honoring thee did fall.
Thou so dydst witch our wits, as we from reason strayed quight,
Prouockt by thee, we dyd refuse, no vauntage of delight:
Delight, what did I say? nay death, by rash and fowle abuse,
Alas I shame to tell thus much, though loue doe worke excuse.
So that (fayre dames) from such consent, my accydents of harme,
Forewarneth you, to keepe aloofe though loue your harts do arme,
But ah *Polina*, whether runnes thy words into abuse.
When others harmes, inforst by loue, could neuer make thée wise.
The cause is plaine, for that in loue, no reason stands in stade,
And reason is the onely meane, that others harmes we dreade.
Then, that the world hereafter may, to loue inferre my yll,
Andrugios Tombe with dayly teares, *Polina* worship wyll.

And further more I vowde, whylſt life in mée doth foſter breth,
No one ſhall vaunt of conquered loue, by my *Andrugios* death,
Theſe ſhameful wœdes, which forſt I were that men my fault may
Whilſt that I liue, ſhall ſhow I morne for my *Andrugio*, (know:
I wyll not byde the ſharpe aſſaultes, from fugred words I ſent,
I wyll not truſt to careles othes, which often wyn conſent:
I wyll cut off occaſions all, which hope of myrth may moue,
With ceaſeles teares yle quench each cauſe, ẏ kindleth coles of loue:
And thus tyl death *Polina* wyll eſtraunge her ſelfe from ioy,
Andrugio, to reward thy loue which dyd thy life deſtroy. *Exit.*

Act. 5. Scena. 4.

Rosko *alone.*

ROſ. A Dyr, in fayth, the caſe is altred quight,
My miſtris late that lined in wretched plight:
Byds care adue and euery cauſe of woe,
The feare is fled, which made her ſorrow ſo,
Maſſe *Phallax* ſo vnder props her fame,
As none for lyfe dare now her lewdnes blame,
I feare (nay hope) ſhe hath bewicht him ſo,
As haulfe his bribes, vnto her ſhare will goe:
No force for that, who others doth deceyue,
Deſerues himſelfe, lyke meaſure to receyue.
Well, leaue I *Lamia*, for her ſelfe to pray,
Better then I can ſhowe, who knowes the way:
It ſtands me on, for my pore ſelfe to ſhyfte,
And I haue founde a helpe at a dead lyfte:
My olde friende *Grumbals* purſe, with pence is full,
And if I empty it not, *Dalia* will.
The flauering fole, what he can rap and rend,
(Ye loues her ſo) vpon the fylth wyll ſpend:
But bye your leaue, yle barre her of this match,
My net and all is ſet, the fole to catch.

For

Forsoth before his amorous sute he moue,
He must be trimd to make her more to loue.
And in good soth, the world shal hardly fall,
But that he shalbe washt, pould, shau'd and all:
And see the luck, the sole is fast I know,
In that with *Rowke* he doth so sadly goe.

Scena. 5. Grymball, Rowke, Rosko.

GRym. God bores, as sayst, when somewhat handsome ch'am,
I sayth she wyll come off for very shame:
Row. Yea without doubt for I sweare by sayne *Anne*:
My selfe loues you, you are so cleane a youngman.
Grim. Nay, thou wouldst say so, when my face is fayre washt,
Ros. God luck a Gods name, the wodcocke is masht.
Row. And who Barbes ye *Grimball*.
Grim. A dapper knaue, one *Rosko*.
Ros. Well letherface, we shall haue you Asse ere you goe.
Row. I know him not, is he a deaft barber?
Grim. O, yea, why he is Mistris *Lamias* powler.
And looke syra, yen is the lyttell knaue.
How dost *Rosko*?
Ros. Whope, my eye sight God saue,
What ould *Grimball*, welcome, sit you downe heare,
Boye?
Boy. Anon. *Boy in the house.*
Ros. Way leaues in warme water, quick, bring cleane geare,
Boy. Straygbt.
Row. As thou sayd'st *Grymball*, this is a feate knaue indeede.
Ros. How say'st? oyntments for a scab, do you neede?
Row. Scab, scurvy Jack, ile set you a worke Syr.
Grym. Nay gogs sote, good nowe, no more of this stur.
Row. I sayth Barber, I wyll pyck your teeth straight.
Ros. Nay, to pick my purse, I feare thou dost waygbt,
Row. Yea, gogs hart,
Grym. Nay, gogs foote,

Roſ. Nowe come Ruffen.
Grim. Leaue, if you be men,
Yeare ye me nowe? be friendes, and by my trothe,
Chill ſpende a who'e quarte of Ale on you bothe.
Roſ. Well, maſſe *Grimball*, I lytle thought I wus,
You woulde a brought a knaue, to vſe mee thus.
Grim. Why, knoweſt him not? why it is luſtie *Rowke*.
Roſ. A ſtrong theefe, I warrant him by his looke.
Row. Go to Barber, no more, leaſt Copper you catch.
Grim. What? wilt giue thy noſe awaye? beware that match.
For thy ſee no Copper, vnleſt be theare.
Boy brings water. Boy. Maſter, here is delicate water, & cleane geare. *Exit.*
Roſ. Well, to quiet my houſe, and for *Grimbals* ſake,
If it pleaſeth you, as friendes, we handes will ſhake.
Grim. I, I, do ſo:
Row. And for his ſake I agrée.
Grim. Well then, that we may drinke, ſtraight wayes waſh mée.
Roſ. Good ſyr, here's water as ſweete as a Roſe,
Nowe whyles I waſh, your eyes harde you muſt cloſe.
Grim. Thus?
Roſ. Harder yet:
Grim. O, thus:
Roſ. Yea marry, ſo.
Howe ſyrra, you knowe what you haue to doe:
Rowke cuttes *Grimbals* purſe.
Roſ. Winke harde, *Grimball*.
Grim. Yes, yes, I ſhall.
Row. Heare's the toothpick, and all. *Exit.*
Roſ. Departe then tyll I call?
Merie will ſyr, your face, is gayly cleane,
Were your teeth nowe pickt, you maye kiſſe a queane.
Grim. Sayſt thou mee ſo? Good nowe diſpatch and awaye?
I euen fyllell, vntyll I ſmouch *Dalia*.
Roſ. O do you ſo? I am right glad you tell.
I elſe had thought, had bene your teethe dyd ſmell.

Grim. O

Grim. O Lorde, gogs sote, you picke me to the quicke:
Ros. Quiet your selfe, your teth are forred thicke.
Grim. O, ob no more, O God, I spattell blod.
Ros. I haue done, spyt out, this doth you much god:
Boye:
Boy. Anon. *Boy within.*
Ros. Bring the drinke in the Porringer,
To gargalis his teth.
Boy. It is here syr. *Exit.*
Ros. Wash your teth with this, good maister *Grimball.*
Grim. I am poysoned, ah, it is bytter gall:
Ros. Take these Comfyts, to sweeten your mouth with all.
Grim. Yea mary syr, these are gay sugred geare.
Ros. Their swætnesse straight, wyll make you stinke I feare:
Grim. Well nowe, what must I paye, that thy were gone:
Ros. What you wyll.
Grim. Sayest me so: O cham vndone.
Ros. Howe nowe *Grimball:*
Grim: O Leard, my Purse is cutte.
Ros. When: where:
Grim. Nowe, here.
Ros. *Boye*, let the doze be shutte,
If it be here, we wyll straight wayes see,
Where's he, that came with you:
Grim. I can not tell.
Ros. What is hee:
Grim. I knowe not.
Ros. Where doth he dwell:
Grim. O Leard, I ken not I.
Ros. You haue done well.
This knaue, your pence, in his pocket hath purst:
Let's seeke him out.
Grim. Nay harke, I must neades first:
O Learde, Learde, cham sicke, my belly akes, to, to:
Ros. Thou lookst yll: well, yle tell thee what to do.

Since

Since thou art ſo ſicke, ſtraight wayes, get thée home,
To finde this Jacke, my ſelfe abroade wyll rome.
The rather, for that he playde the knaue with mée.
Gri. Chaue ſicke in déede, and therfore ych thanke thée:
Roſ. I ſée ſometime, the blinde man hits a Crowe,
Ye maye thanke me, that he is plagued ſoe:
Gri. Well, well, *Dalia*, the Loue ych bare to thée,
Hath made me ſicke, and pickt my purſe from mée. *Exit.*
Roſ. A, is he gone? a fole company him,
In good ſothe Sir, this match fadged trim:
Well, I wyll trudge, to finde my fellewe *Rowke*,
To ſhare the price, that my deuiſe hath tooke. *Exit.*

Actus. 5. Scena. 6.

Caſſandra, in blacke.

CAſ. The heauy charge, that Nature bindes me to,
I haue perform'd, ingrau'd my Brother is:
O woulde to God (to eaſe, my ceaſeles woe)
My wretched bones, intombed were with his.
But O in vaine, this boteleſſe wiſh, I vſe,
I, pure I muſt lyue in ſorrowe, ioynde with ſhame:
And ſhall he lyue? that dyd vs both abuſe?
And quench through rule, the coles of iuſt reuenge?
O: no, I wyll nowe hye me to the King:
To whome, I wyll, recount my wretched ſtate,
Lewde *Promos* rape, my Brothers death and all:
And (though with ſhame, I maye this tale relate)
To proue that force, enforced me to fall:
When I haue ſhowne, Lorde *Promos* foule miſdeedes.
This knife forthwith, ſhall ende my woe and ſhame,
My gored harte, which at his feete then bleedes,
To ſcorge his faultes, the King wyll more inflame.

In dædes to do, that I in woꝛdes pꝛetende,
I nowe aduiſe, my iourney, to the King:
Yet ere I go, as Swans ſing at their ende,
In ſolemne Song, I meane my knell to ryng.

Caſſandraes Song.

SIth fortune thwart, doth croſſe my ioyes with care,
Sith that my bliſſe, is chaungde to bale by fate:
Sith frowarde chaunce, my dayes in woe doth weare,
Sith I alas, muſt mone without a mate.
I wretch haue vowde, to ſing both daye and night,
O ſorrowe ſlaye, all motions of delight.

¶Come grieſlie griefe, torment this harte of mine,
Come deepe diſpaire, and ſtoppe my loathed breath:
Come wretched woe, my thought of hope to pine:
Come cruell care, preferre my ſute to death.
Death, ende my wo, which ſing both daye and night,
O ſorrowe ſlaye, all motions of delight.

Exit.

FINIS. G. W.

The ſeconde part of the Famous Hiſtorie of *Promos* and *Caſſandra*.

Set forth in a Comicall Diſcourſe, by George Whetſtone Gent.

Formæ nulla fides.

First Edition.

The seconde parte of the Historie of *Promos* and *Cassandra*.

Actus. I. *Scena*. I.

¶ *Polina* in a bleue Gowne, shadowed with a blacke Sarcenet, going to the Temple to praye, vpon *Andrugios* Tombe.

PRomise is debt, and I my vowe haue past,
Andrugios Tombe, to wash with daylie teares:
Which Sacrifice (although God wot in waste)
I wyll performe, my Alter is of cares.
Of fuming sighes, my offring incense is,
My pitious playntes, in steede of Prayers are:
Yea, woulde to God in penaunce of my mys.
I with the rest, my loathed lyfe might share.
But O in vaine, I wish this welcomde ende,
Death is to slowe, to slaye the wretched wight:
And all to sone, he doth his forces bende,
To wounde their hartes, which wallowe in delight.
Yet in my care, styll goes, my passing Bell,
So ofte as I, *Andrugios* death do minde:
So ofte as men, with poynted fingers tell,
Their friendes, my faultes, which by my weedes they finde.
But O the cause, with Death, which threates me most,
I wyshe to dye, I dye through wretched woe,
My dying harte, desires to yelde the ghost,
My traunces straunge, a present death foreshowe.
But as the reede doth bow at euery blast.
To breake the same, when rowghest stormes lackes might,
So wretched I, with euery woe doe waste,
Yet care wants force, to kyll my hart out ryght.
O gratious God and is my gilt so great.
As you the same, with thousand deathes must wreake:
You will it so, else care I could intreate:
With halfe these woes, my thryd of life, to breake.

But what meanſt thou *Polina*, moſt accurſt,
To muſe, why God, this pennaunce ioynes thée to:
Whoſe correction, although we take at worſt,
To our great good he doth the ſame beſtow.
So that, ſyth greefe can not relyue my friend,
Syth ſcorching ſyghes my ſorrowes cannot dryue:
Syth care himſelfe, lackes force my lyfe to ende.
Syth ſtyll I lyue that euery howre doe dye:
Syth mighty God appoyntes my pennaunce ſo,
In mornefull ſong I wyll my patience ſhow,

Polinas Song.

AMyd my bale, the lightning ioy, that pyning care doth bring,
VVith patience cheares my heauy hart, as in my vvoes I ſing,
I knovv my Gilt, I feele my ſcurge: my eaſe is death I ſee:
And care (I fynde) by peecemeale vveares, my hart to ſet mee free.
O care, my comfort and refuge, feare not to worke thy vvyll,
VVith patience I, thy corſiues byde, feede on my life thy fyll.
Thy appetyte vvith ſyghes and teares, I dayly vvyl procure.
And wretched I, wil vaile to death, throw when thou wilt thy Lure.

Exit, Polina.

Actus. I. *Scena.* 2.

Enter a Meſſenger from the King.

I Haue at length (though weery come in troth)
Obtayned a ſight of *Iulios* ſtately walles,
A Kings meſſage, can not be done with ſloth:
Whome he bids goe, muſt runne through myre and dyrt,
And I am ſent to Lord *Promos* in poſt.
To tel him that the king wyll ſée him ſtraight,
But much I feare that *Promos* néedes not boſt:
Of any gayne by his ſoueraygnes receyte,

But

But *Holla* tongue of lauyſh ſpeeche beware,
Though ſubiects oft in Princes meaning prye,
They muſt their words, and not their myndes declare,
Unto which courſe I wyll my tongue apply,
Lord *Promos* ſhall my princes comming know,
My prince himſelfe, the cauſe thereof ſhall ſhow. *Exit.*

Actus. I. Scena. 3.

Rosko Lamias man.

ROſ. Is poſſible that my Miſtris *Lamia*,
Vuer the ſhoes ſhould b'yn loue with *Phallax*?
Why by Jeſus (as ſhe her ſelfe doth ſaye,)
With pure good wyll, her harte doth melt lyke waxe:
And this I am ſure, every howre they themſelues,
By their ſweete ſelues, or by their letters greete,
But the ſporte is to ſee the louing elues,
Byll together when they in ſecret mete.
She lowres, he lauffes, ſhe ſyghes throwe pure loue; *The ſtrumpets and Crocodiles teares alyke.*
Nay, nay, ſayes he (good pugges) no more of this:
Well, ſayes ſhee, and weepes, my griefe you do not proue.
Then ſtrayght this ſtorme is cheared with a kys,
And then aboth ſides, three wordes and a ſmouch:
Within hir eare, then whiſpereth this ſlouch,
And by the way he ſtambleth on her lyppes.
Thus eyther ſtryues moſt louing ſignes to ſhow,
Much good do it them, ſyth they are both content,
Once I am ſure, how ſo the game doth goe,
I haue no cauſe their lyking to repent:
I ſyldome doe betweene them meſſage beare,
But that I haue an Item in the bande,
Well, I muſt trudge to doe a certaine chare,
Which, take I tyme, cocke for my gayne doth ſtand.

Actus.

Actus.1.Scena.4.

Phallax. Dowſon a Carpenter.

PHal. Diſpatch *Dowſon*, vp with the frame quickly,
So ſpace your roomes, as the nyne worthyes may,
Be ſo inſtauld, as beſt may pleaſe the eye.
Dow. Very good, I ſhall:
Phal. Nay ſoft *Dowſon*, ſtay:
Let your man at ſaynt *Annes* croſſe, out of hande,
Ereckt a ſtage, that the Wayghts in ſight may ſtande.
Dow. Wyll you ought elſe?
Phal. Soft awhyle, let mée ſée,
On Jeſus gate, the fowre vertues I trow,
Appoynted are to ſtand:
Dow. I ſyr, they are ſo.
Phal. Wel, then about your charge, I wyll fore ſée,
The Conſort of Muſick, well plaſt to be.
Dow. I am gone ſyr. *Exit.*

Actus 1.Scena.5.

The *Bedell* of the Taylers, Phallax.

BE. Heare you maiſter *Phallax*?
The Wardens of the Marchantaylers are,
Where (with themſelues) they ſhall their Pageaunt place?
Phal. With what ſtrange ſhowes, do they their Pageaunt grace?
Be. They haue *Hercules*, of Monſters conquering,
Huge great *Giants*, in a foreſt fighting,
With *Lyons*, *Beares*, *Wolues*, *Apes*, *Foxes*, and *Grayes*,
Baiards, *Brockes*. &c.
Phal. O wondrous frayes,
Marry ſyr, ſince they are prouided thus,
Out of their wayes, God kéepe Maiſter *Pediculus*.

Be. You

Be. You are pleasaunt syr, but with spede I pray,
You aunswere mee, I was charged not to stay.
Phal. Because I know, you haue all thing's currant,
They shall stand where they shal no viewers want:
How say you to the ende of Dutke Alley?
Be. There all the beggers in the towne wilbe.
Phal. O, most attendaunce is, where beggers are,
Farewell, away.
Be. I wyll your wyll declare. *Exit.*

Actus. I. *Scena.* 6.

Phallax, Two men, apparrelled, lyke greene men at the Mayors feast, with clubbes of fyre worke.

PHal. This geare fadgeth now, that these fellowes peare,
Frendes where waight you?
First. In Jesus streete to kepe a passadge cleare,
That the King and his trayne, may passe with ease.
Phal. O, very good,
Second. Ought else Syr, do you please?
Phal. No, no: about your charge.
Both. We are gone: *Exeunt.*
Phal. A syr, heare is short knowledge, to entertayne a kyng,
But O, O, *quid non pecunia?* yea, at a dayes warning?
The king in prouision that thought to take vs tardy,
As if we had a yeare bene warnd, shall by his welcome sin:
I haue yet one chare to do: but soft, heare is *Rosko*,
I must nedes delyuer him a message before I goe.

Actus. I. *Scena.* 7.

Rosko, Phallax.

ROs. I fayth, I haue noble newes for *Lamia*,
Phal. May soft, friend *Rosko*, take myne in your way.

Roſ. Maiſter *Phallax*, O lyꝛ I cry you mercy.
Phal. *Roſko* with ſpæde tell thy Miſtris from mée,
The King ſtraight wayes wyll come to the Cytie:
In whoſe great trayne there is a company,
Within her houſe with mæ ſhall mery be,
Therefoꝛe, foꝛ my ſake, wyll her to foꝛeſée,
To welcome them, that nothing wanting be,
This is all I wyll, foꝛ want of leyſure. *Exit.*
Roſ. I wyll not fayle ſyꝛ, to ſhow your pleaſure:
Mary, in fayth, theſe newes falles iumpe with the reſt,
They ſhalbe welcome and fare of the beſt:
But although they well fyll their bodyes thus,
Their purſes will be dꝛyuen to a *non plus:*
No foꝛce a whyt, each pleaſure hath his payne,
Better the purce then body ſtarue of twayne.
Well, I wyll trudge, my welcome newes to tell,
And then abꝛoade, good company to ſmell. *Exit.*

Actus. 1. Scena. 8.

Corninus the King, *Caſſandra*, two counſellers.
And *Vdiſtao*, a young noble man.

KYng. *Caſſandra*, we dꝛaw neare vnto the Towne,
So that I wyll that you from vs depart:
Tyll further of our pleaſure you doe heare.
Yet reſt aſſur'd, that wycked *Promos*,
Shall abide ſuch puniſhment, as the woꝛld,
Shal bould mée iuſt, and cleare thée of offence.
Caſ. Dꝛead ſoueraigne, as you wyl, *Caſſandra* goeth hence. *Exit.*
King. I playnely ſée, it tendes to great behoue,
That Pꝛynces oft do vayle their eares to heare,
The Miſers playnt: foꝛ though they doe appoynt,
Such as they thynke will Iuſtice execute,
Aucthoꝛity is ſuch a commaunder,

As,

As, where as men by office beareth sway,
If they their rule by conscience measure not,
The poore mans right is ouercome by might.
If loue or hate from Iustice leade the Iudge,
Then money sure may ouerrule the case.
Thus one abuse is cause of many moe:
And therefore none in Iudges ought to be,
How Rulers wrong, fewe tales are tould the King:
The reason is, their power kepes in awe
Such men as haue great cause for to complayne.
If *Cassandra* her goodes, nay, lyfe preferd,
Before revenge of *Promos* trechery:
I had not knowne, his detestable rape,
The which he forst to saue her brothers lyfe.
And furthermore, *Andrugios* raunsome payde,
I had not knowne he put him vnto death:
For when (good soule) she had this treason tould.
Through very shame her honour so was spoyld:
She drewe her knyfe to wound her selfe to death.
Whose pytious plyght, my hart prouockt to wrath,
At *Promos* wyles:
So that to vse indifferency to both,
Euen in the place where all these wronges were done:
My selfe am come, to syt vpon the cause.
But see where *Promos* and the Mayor waight,
To welcome me with great solemnity:
With chereful showe I shadowe will the hate,
I beare to him for his insolency:
Perhaps I may learne more of his abuse,
Whereby the more his punishment may be.
Come my Lords, to the Towne haste we apace:
All speake, We all are prest, to waight vpon your Grace:

Actus.1.Scena.9.

Promos, *Maior*, three *Aldermen*, in red Gownes, vvith a *Sworde bearer*, awayghtes the *Kinges* comming.

Promos, his briefe Oration.

PRo. Renowned *King*, lo here your faithful ſubiects preaſt to ſhow
The loyall duetie, which (in ryght) they to your highneſſe owe.
Your preſence, cheares all ſorts of vs: yet ten times more we ioye,
You thinke vs ſtoarde, our warning ſhort, for to receyue a Roye.
Our wyll, is ſuch, as ſhall ſupplie, I truſt in vs all want,
And where good wyll the welcome geues, prouiſion fyld is ſcant.
Loe, this is all: yea, for vs all, that I in wordes beſtowe,
Your Maieſtie, our further zeale, in ready dædes ſhall knowe.
And firſt, dreade King, I render you, the ſworde of Juſtice beare,
Which as your Liuetenant I truſt, vprightlie I dyd beare.

The *King* delyuers the Sworde, to one of his Counſell.

KIng. *Promos*, the good report, of your good gouernment I heare,
Or at the leaſt, the good conceyte, that towards you I beare:
To incourage you the more, in Juſtice to perſeauer,
Is the cheefe cauſe, I dyd addreſſe, my Progreſſe heather.
Pro. I thanke your Highneſſe.

The *Maior* preſentes the *King*, with a fayre Purſe.

MA. Renowned King, our ready wylles to ſhowe,
In your behalfe, our goodes (nay lyues) to ſpende:
In all our names, I frælie here beſtowe
On your Highnes, this Purſe: vnto this ende,
To poſſeſſe your moſt Royall Maieſtie,
In all our wealth, therto bounde by duetie.
Kin. Your great good wyls, and gyfts with thanks I take:
But kepe you ſtyll, your goodes, to do you good.

It is inough, and all that I do craue,
If néedes compels for your and our safety,
That you in part your proffers large performe:
And for this time as outward showes make proofe,
It is inough (and all that I desire)
That your harts and tongues (alyke) byd me welcome.
All. Lord preserue your Maiesty.

¶*Fiue or sixe, the one halfe men, the other vvomen, neare vn-*
to the Musick, singing on some stage, erected from the ground:
During the first parte of the song, the King faineth to talke
sadlie vvith some of his Counsell.

The Kings Gentleman Vsher. Forewards my Lordes.

They all go out leysurablie vvhile the rest of the Song
is made an ende.

Actus. 2. Scena. 1.

Lamia the Curtizan.

LA. The match goes harde, which rayseth no mans gaine,
The vertue rare, that none to vice maye wrest:
And sure, the Lawe, that made me late complaine:
Alloreth me, many a wanton geast:
Dames of my Trade, shutte vp their shoppes for feare,
Their stuffe vnou'd *Contra formam Statuti*,
Then I, which lycenst am, to sell fine ware:
Am lyke to be well customed perdy:
And nowe Tyme serues, least custome after fayle,
At hyest rate, my Toyes I vallue must:
Let me alone, to set my Toyes to sale:
Yong Rulers I, in faith, wyll serue of trust.

Who wayes me not, him wyll I fayne to loue,
Who loues me once, is lymed to my heart:
My cullers ſome, and ſome ſhall weare my gloue,
And be my darte, whoſe payment lykes me beſt.
And here at hande are cuſtomers I trowe,
Theſe are the friendes of *Phallax*, my ſwéete friende:
Nowe wyll I go, and ſet my wares to ſhowe,
But let them laugh, that wynneth in the ende. *Exit.*

Actus. 2. Scena. 2.

Apio and *Bruno*, Two Gentlemen ſtraungers, with *Roſko*.

APio. Come on good friende: where dwels Lady *Lamia*?
Ros. Euen by yꝛ.
Apio. Well then, go thy waye,
Showe who ſent vs, and what our meaning is:
Leaſt ſhe not knowing vs, do take amys.
That thus boldlye we come to viſite hir.
Roſ. No bolder then welcome, I warrant you Sir.
Bruno. Well, thy meſſage do:
Roſ. I go. *Exit.*

Fowre *Women* bravelie apparelled, ſitting ſinging in *Lamias* vvindowe, with wrought Smockes, and Cawles, in their hands, as if they were a vvorking.

The Quyre. IF pleaſure, be treaſure,
Apio. Harke.
The golden worlde is here, the golden worlde is here.
Refuſe you, or chuſe you:
But welcome who drawes neare, but welcome who drawes neare.

Bruno. They be the *Muſes* ſure,
Apio. Naye, *Syrens* lure.

Her:

First sings Here lyues delyght,
Second sin. Here dyes despight:
Thes both. Desyre here, hath his wyll.

Third sin. Here Loues reliefe,
Fourth sin. Destroyeth griefe:
Last two. VVhich carefull hartes doth kyll.

Bruno. Attende them styll.
Apio. That, as you wyll.

First sings. Here wysh in wyll, doth care destroye,
Second sin. Playe here your fyll, we are not coye:
Third sin. VVhich breedes much yll, we purge annoy,
Fourth sin. Our lyues here styll, we leade in ioye.

The Quyre. *If pleasure, be treasure,*
The golden worlde is here, the golden worlde is here:
Refuse you, or chuse you,
But welcome, who comes neare, but welcome, who comes neare.

First. VVantons drawe neare.
Second, Taste of our cheare:
Both. Our Cares are fine and sweete.

Thirde. Come be not coye,
Fourth. To worke your ioye:
The last two. We fall wyll at your feete.

Bruno. A, good kinde wormes:
Apio. Harke.

First. Loe, here we be, good wyll which moue,
Seconde. We lyue you see, for your behoue:
Thirde. Come we agree, to let you proue.
Fourth VVithout a fee, the fruites of Loue.

The quire all, *If pleasure, be treasure, the golden worlde is here, &c.*

Bruno. Upon

Bruno. Upon this large warrant, we maye venter,
The doore opes alone, come, let us enter.
Apio. Agreede.

¶Enter a *Sergeaunt* bearing a Mace, another *Offycer*, with a Paper, lyke a Proclamation: and with them the *Cryer*,

OFficer. *Cryer*, Make a noyse.
Cry. O yes. *And so thrise.*
Off. All manner of personnes, here present,
Cry. All manner of personnes, here present.
Off. Be sylent, on payne, of imprisonment,
Cry. Be sylent, on payne, of imprisonment.

The *Offycer* reades the Proclamation.

COruinus, the hye, and mightie King, of Hungarie, and Boemia: Unto all his louing Subiects of Iulio, sendeth greeting.

And therwithall, giueth knowledge, of his Princelie fauour, towards euery sort of them.

First, if any person, Officer, or other: hath wronged any of his true subiects, by the corruption of brybes, affecting or not fauoring, of the person: through Usurie, extortion, wrong imprisonment: or with any other vniust practise: His Maiestie wylles the partie so grieued, to repayre to Syr Vlrico, one of his highnesse priuie Counsell: who (finding his, or their iniuries) is cōmaunded, to certifie them, and their proofe, vnto the Kings maiestie: where incontinentlie, he wyll order the controuersie, to the release of the partie grieued, and the punishment of the offenders.

Further, if any of his faithfull subiectes, can charge any person, Officer, or other, with any notable or haynous offence

fence: as Treaſon, Murder, Sacrilledge, ſedicion: or with any ſuch notorious cryme: for the ſafetie of his Royal perſon, benefyte and quiet of his Realme, and ſubiectes. On Fridaye next, his moſt excellent Maieſtie (with the aduiſe of his honorable Counſell) wyll in open Court ſyt, to heare and determine, all ſuch offences. Therefore he ſtrayghtlie chargeth all and euerie of his ſubiectes, that knowe any ſuch haynous offenders: one the forenamed daye, that he preſent, both the offender, and his faulte. Dated at his Royall Court, in Iulio, the. 6. of Februarie.

God ſaue the King. *Exeunt.*

Actus. 2. Scena. 4.

Roſko.

ROſ. See howe we are croſt: we thought the King for pleaſure,
Came to viſite vs: when to his paine,
And our plagues, I feare he beſtowes his leyſure.
To heare the wronges, of ſuch as wyll complaine
Of any man: But the ſport is to ſée
Vs Officers, one loke of another:
I at Lorde *Promos*, Lorde *Promos* at mé,
The *Lawiers*, at the *Shriefe* and *Maior*.
They gaſe aſmuch on the ruling *Lawier*.
For to be plaine, the cleareſt of all,
Peccauí ſyng, to heare the grieuous call,
Againſt Vſurie, bribrie, and barrating,
Suborning, extorcion, and boulſtring.
Some faultes are hearde, ſome by Proclamation ſtaye,
Before the King, to be hearde on Fridaye.
I yet haue ſcapte, and hope to go ſcotfré:
But ſo, or no, whyllſt leyſure ſerues mée.

To haue my anſwers freſh if I be cauld,
Of merry mates. I haue a meetyng ſtauld,
To whome my ſences, to refreſh I wend,
Who gets a pace as meryly may ſpend. *Exit.*

Actus. 2. Scena. 5.

Sir *Virico*, with diuers papers in his hand, two poore Cityſens, ſoliting complayntes.

VI. As thou complayneſt, againſt all equity,
Houlden *Phallax* thy houſe, by this extremity?
Firſt. Yea ſure, and he hath bound me ſo ſubtylly,
As leſſe you helpe, lawe yeldes me no remidy.
Vi. Well, what ſay you? is *Phallax* mony payd?
Se. Sauc fyue pound dyr:
Vi. For which your bond is ſtayde.
Se. Nay mary, the ſame I would gladly pay,
But my bonde for the forfeyt he doth ſtay.
Vi. *Summum Ius*, I ſée, is *Summa Iniuria*:
So theſe wronges muſt be ſalued ſome other way.
Firſt. Yea, more then this, moſt men ſay:
Vi. What?
Firſt. To be playne, he kéepes Miſtris *Lamia*.
Vi. Admyt he doe, what helpe haue you by this?
Se. Yes mary, it prooues a double knaue he is:
A couetous churle, and a lecher tw.
Vi. Well, well, honeſt men, for your witneſſe go,
And as on proofe, I finde your iniuries.
So I wyl moue, the king for remedyes.
Both. We thanke your honour. *Exeunt.*
Vi. Tys more then ſtraunge, to ſée with honeſt ſhew,
What ſowle deceytes, lewde officers can hyde:
In euery caſe, their craftie they colour ſo,
As ſtyll they haue, ſtrayght lawe vpon their ſide.

Theſe cunning Théeues, with lawe, can Lordſhips ſteale,
When for a ſhæpe, the ignoraunt are truſt:
Yea, who more rough, with ſmall offenders deale,
Then theſe falſe men, to make themſelues ſeeme iuſt:
The tirant *Phallaris*, was prayſed in this,
When *Perillus* the braſen torment made:
He founde the wretch ſtrayght wayes in ſome amys,
And made him firſt, the ſcourge thereof taſte:
A iuſt reward for ſuch as doe preſent
An others fault, himſelfe, the guiltyeſt man.
Well, to our weale, our gratious king is bent,
To taſte theſe thæues, to vſe what meanes he can.
But as at Cheaſtes, though ſkylfull players play,
Skylleſſe bewers, may ſæ, what they omyt:
So though our king, in ſearching Iudgement may.
Geſſe at their faultes, which ſecret wronges commit:
Yet for to iudge, by trueth, and not by ame,
Hy ſelfe in chæfe, his highneſſe doth authoriſe,
On proofe for to returne who meryts blame,
And as I fynde, ſo he himſelfe will puniſh:
So that to vſe, my charge indyfferently,
My Clyents wronges, I wyll with wytneſſe trye.

As he is going out, *Pimos*, a young gentelman ſpeakes to him.

Actus. 2. Scena. 6.

PI. Sir *Vlrico*, I humbly craue to know,
What good ſucceſſe: my honeſt ſute enſueſe
Vl. Maſter *Pimos*, in breefe, the ſame to ſhowe,
I feare, you both, my order wyll refuſe:
Lyros, that thinkes he geues more then he ſhould,
And you, for that, you haue not, what you would,
Pi. It ſhall goe hard, if that your award miſlikes mée.
Vl. Well, goe with mæ, and you the ſame ſhall ſæ:
Pi. I waight on you. *Exeunt.*

The Hiſtory

Actus 3. Scena. 1.

Phallax.

PHal. My troubled hart with guiltyneſſe agreu'd,
Lyke fyre doth make my eares and cheekes to glow:
God Graunt I ſcape this blacke day vnrepreu'd,
I care not how the game goe to morrow.
Well, I wyll ſet a face of braſſe on it,
And with the reſt, vpon the King attend:
Who euen anon wyll heare in Iudgement ſyt,
To heauen or hel ſome officers to ſend.
But ſoft, a pryze, *Gripax* and *Rapax* I ſée,
A ſhare of their venture belonges to mee.

Actus. 3. Scena. 2.

Gripax, Rapax, Promoters, *Iohn Adroynes*,
A Clowne, *Phallax*.

IOhn. Nay, good honeſt *Promoters* let mée go.
Gri. Tuſh *Iohn Adroines*, we muſt not leaue you ſo:
What? an ould hobclunch a wanton knaue?
You ſhal to the King.
Iohn. Marry *Iohn Adroynes* God ſaue:
The king? why he wyll not looke of poore men.
Ra. Yes, yes, and wyll ſpye a knaue in your face.
Iohn. Wyll he ſo? then, good you be gone apace.
Gri. And why?
Iohn. Leaſt in my face, he ſpye you too,
Phal. Haue you ſéene a dawe, bebob two crowes ſo?
Ra. Well, come awaye fyr patch.
Iohn. Leaue, or by God yle ſcratch.

They

They fawle a fightyng.

Gri. What wilt thou ſo?
Iohn. Yea, and byte too.
Gri. Helpe *Rapax*, play the man.
Iohn. Nay, do both what you can.
Phal. If that in bobs, they? bargayne be,
In fayth they ſhare alone fo? mæ.
Ra. What byteſt thou hobclunch,
Iohn. Yea, that chull, and punch.
Gri. O Lo?de God, my hart.
Iohn. Knaues, ile make you fart.
Ra. Hould thy hands Lob,
Iohn. Fy?ſt, take this bob.
Phal. To parte this fraye, it is hye time, I can tell,
My *Promoters* elſe of the roſte wyll ſmell.
Ra. O, my neck thou wylt b?eake.
Iohn. Yea, Gods ames, cry?ſt thou creake?
Phal. How now my friends? why what a ſtur is this?
Gri. Parry.
Phal. What?
Iohn. Care they part, yle make them pys.
Phal. Houlde, no mo?e blowes.
Iohn. Knaues, this honeſt man thanke,
That you ſcape ſo well.
Phal. Friend be not to cranke,
I am an officer, and meane to know
The cauſe, why you b?auld thus, befo?e I goe:
Your tobs ſhow, that the ſame, you beſt can tell.
Ra. I would your wo?ſhip, felt the ſame as well,
I then am ſure, this blockhedded ſlaue,
Fo? both his faultes, double puniſhment ſhould haue.
Phal. What faultes?
Ra. Parry,
Iohn. He wyll lye lyke a dogge.
Phal. How now you churle, your tongue, would haue a clog,
Say on:

Ra. To showe his first, and chiefest faughte:
His Fathers maide, and he are naught.
Iohn. What I?
Ra. I.
Iohn. By my Grandsires soule, you lye.
Phal. Peace:
Friende, for this faulte, thou must dye.
Iohn. Dye, Learde saue vs: you sqawde knaue, yle bum yée:
For reforming a lye, thus against mée.
Phal. Tush, tush, it helpeth not: if they can proue this.
Gri. For some proofe, I sawe him and the Maide kys.
Iohn. Can not foke kys: but they are naught by and by?
Phal. This presumption friende, wyll touch thee shrowdlie:
If thou scape with life, be thou sure of this,
Thou shalt be terriblie whypped, for this kys.
Iohn. Whypt, mary God shielde, chy had rather be hangde:
Ra. Growte nowle, come to the King.
Iohn. Arte not well bangde.
Phal. Well, good fellowes, lets take vp this matter.
Gri. Nay, first *Iohn Adroines*, shalbe trust in a halter.
Phal. Why? helpes it you, to sée the poore man whypt?
I praye you friendes, for this tyme let him go.
Iohn. Stande styll, and chull, whether they wyll or no:
Ra. Nay, but we charge him, in the Kings name, staye thée.
Phal. Harke honest man, I warrant thee set frée?
Grease them well, intheir handes, and speake them fayre:
Iohn. O Leard God, our tallowe potte is not here.
Phal. Tush, clawe them with money:
Iohn. Why so, my nayles are sharpe.
Phal. I sée, for Clownes, *Pans* Pype, is méeter, thē *Apolles* Harpe
They can skyll of no Musicke, but plaine Song.
Gri. I praye lets goe, we tryfle tyme too long:
Phal. Strayght.
Cockes soule knaue, stoppe his mouth with money.
Iohn. O, I ken you nowe syr, chy crie you mercie.
Ra. Come on slouch, wylt please you be iogging hence?
Iohn. Here is all, tenne shyllinges, and thyrtene pence.

Phal, Harke

Phal. Harke ye my frendes.
Gri. We muſt not let him goe.
Phal. Harke once more.
Iohn. Giue them the money.
Phal. It ſhall be ſo.
Ra. Well, although he deſerues great punishment,
For your ſake, for this tyme we are content:
Iohn Adroines farewell, henceforth be honeſt,
And for this faulte, wyll paſſe it ore in ieaſt. *Exeunt.*
Iohn. Then giues our money.
Phal. Why?
Iohn. Why, they dyd but ieaſt:
Phal. Yea, but they take thy money in earneſt. *Exit.*
Iohn. Art gone, nowe the Dewle choake you all with it:
Howe chy kiſſe againe, the knaues hac taught me wyt.
But by Saint *Anne*, chy do ſee burlady:
Men maye do what them woll, that haue money.
Ich ſurely had bene whipt, but for my golde,
But chull no more, with ſmouches be ſo bolde.
Yea, and ych wyſh all Louers to be wyſe,
There be learing knaues abroade, haue Cattes eyes:
Why, by Gods bores, they can bothe ſee and marke,
If a man ſteale, but a ſmouch in the darke.
And nowe the worlde is growne, to ſuch vollie ſpye:
As if foke do kyſſe, the'arc naught by and by.
Well, ych wyll home, and tell my Father *Droyne*:
Howe that, two thefues robd me of my Coyne. *Exit.*

¶ Enter the *King*, *Promos*, *Vlrico*, *Maior*, *Gonſago*, *Phallax*, with two other attendantes.

King. Sir *Gonſago*, if that we henceforth heare,
With will, or wealth, you doe our ſubiects wrong:
Looke not againe, this fauour for to fynde,
We vſe this grace, to wyn you to amende:
If not, our wrath ſhall feare you to offende.
God ſpede you.
Gonſago, doth reuerence and departeth.

KYng. I ſee by proofe, that true the prouerbe is,
Pyght maiſters right, wealth is ſuch a canker,
As woundes the conſcience, of his Maiſter,
And deuoures the hart of his poore neyghbour.
To cure which ſore, Juſtice his pryde muſt pyne.
Which Juſtice ought in Princes moſt to ſhine:
And ſyth ſubiects lyue by their princes law,
Whoſe lawes in cheefe, the rytch ſhould keepe in awe:
The powre in wronges, but ſildome doth delyght,
They haue inuffe, for to defende their right:
It much behoues the maker of theſe lawes,
(This mony findes in them, ſo many flawes)
To ſee his lawes, obſer'd as they are ment:
Or elſe good lawes, wyll turne to euyll intent.
Well, ere I leaue, my pooreſt ſubiects ſhall,
Both lyue, and lyke: and by the richeſt ſtawll.
Pro. Regarded and moſt mightie Prince, your clemency herein,
Thoſe harts, your rule, cõmands through feare to faithful loue ſhal (win.
Vl. Renowmed king, I am for to complaine,
Of *Phallax*, Lord *Promos* ſecondary,
Whoſe hainous wronges many poore men doth paine,
By me, who pray, your highnes remedy.
King. By Lord *Promos*, it ſæmes you rule at large,
When as your clarkes are officers vniuſt.
Pro. Dread king, I thinke, he can theſe wrong diſcharge.
Kyng. Doe you but thinke ſyr: a ſure ſpeare to truſt:
A dum death, and blynde Judge, can do as much:
Well, well, God graunt, your owne lyfe, byde the tutch.
Syr *Vlrico*, your complaynt continew:
Vl. Gratious King, his wronges be theſe inſew:
Fyrſt *Phallax*, is a common Barriter,
In office, a lewd extortioner:
The crafty man, oft puts theſe wronges in vre,
If poore men haue, that lykes his ſearching eye,
He ſhoweth gould, the needy ſoules to lure:
Which if they take, ſo faſt he doth them tye,

That

That by some bonde, or couenaunt forfayted,
They are inforst (farre beneath the vallew)
To let him haue what his eye coueyted:
And for to proue, that this report is true,
I showe no more, then witnesse prou'd by oth,
Whose names and handes, defends it heare as troth.

Vlrico deliuers the King a writing with names at it.

King. How now *Promos*? how thinke you of your man?
Vse both your wyttes, to cleare him if you can.
Pro. Dread King, my hart to heare his faultes doth bleede.
King. Howe far'de it then, to suffer it indéede?
It dyde, I trowe, or now you speake in ieste:
Thy Master's mute *Phallax*, I bould it beste
That thou speake, for thy selfe.
Phal. I humbly craue,
Of your grace, for aunswere, respyt to haue.
King. Why? to deuise a cloke to hyde a knaue?
Friend, *veritas non querit angulos*,
And if your selfe, you on your truth repose,
You may be bould, these faultes for to deny,
Some, lyttel care, vpon their othes to lye:
Sée if any in your behalfe will sweare.
Phal. O Lord God, is there no knyghtes of the poste heare?
Well, then of force, I must sing *peccani*.
And crye out ryght, to the king for mercy.
O King, I am, in faulte, I must confesse,
The which I wyll with repentaunce redresse.
King. Thy confession, doth meryt some fauour,
But repentaunce payes not thy powre neyghbour:
Wherefore, Syr *Vlrico*, bis goods seale you,
And those, be wrong'd, restore you, to their due.
Vl. Loke what he gettes, most thinke, he wastes straight waye,
Vpon a leawde harlot, named *Lamia*:
So that his goods, wyll scarse pay euery wight.
King. Where naught is left, the king must lose his right.

Pay as you may, I hould it no offence,
If eache pay somewhat for experience:
But by the way, you rule the citty well,
That suffer, by your nose, such dames to dwell.
And now *Phallax*, thy further pennaunce ys,
That forthwith, thou do resigne thy office.
Vlrico, to his account lykewise, see.
Vl. It shalbe done.
King. *Phallax*, further heare mee:
Because thou didst, thy faultes at first confesse,
From punishment, thy person I release:
Phal. I most humbly, do thanke your maiesty.
Pro. Ah, out alas, *Cassandra* heare I see.

Cassandra in a blewe gowne, shadowed with black.

Cas. O would ẏ teares, myght tel my tale, I shame so much my fall,
Or else, Lord *Promos* lewdnes showen, would death would ende my (thrall.
Pro. Welcome my sweete *Cassandra*.
Cas. Murdrous varlet, away.
Renowmed King, I pardon craue, for this my hould attempt,
In preasing thus so neare your grace, my sorrow to present:
And least my foe, false *Promos* heare, doe interrupt my tale,
Graunt gratious King, that vncontrould, I may report my bale.
King. How now *Promos*? how lyke you, of this song?
Say on fayre dame, I long to heare thy wrong.
Cas. Then knowe dread souerayne, that he this doome did geue,
That my Brother, for wantonnesse should lose his head:
And that the mayde, which sind, should euer after lyue
In some religious house, to sorrowe her misdeede:
To saue my brother ing'd to dye, with teares I sought to moue
Lord *Promos* hart, to showe him grace; but he with lawles loue,
Was fyred by and by: and knowing necessity,
To saue my brothers lyfe, would make me yeeld to much,
He crau'd this raunsome, to haue my virginitie:
No teares could worke restraynt, his wicked lust was such,
Two euils here were, one must I chuse, though bad were very best,

To

To see my brother put to death, or graunt his lewde request:
In fyne, subdude with naturall loue, I did agree,
Upon these two poyntes: that marry mee he should,
And that from prison vyle, he should my brother free.
All this with monstrous othes, he promised he would.
But O this periurd *Promos*, when he had wrought his wyll,
Fyrst cast mee of: and after causd the Gailer for to kill
My brother, raunsomde, with the spoyle of my good name:
So that for companing, with such a hellish feende,
I haue condemnde my selfe to weare these weedes of shame:
Whose cognisance doth showe, that I haue (fleshly) sind.
Loe thus, hie and renowned king, *Cassandra* endes her tale,
And this is wicked *Promos* that hath wrought her endles bale.
King. If this be true, so towle a deede, shall not vnpunisht goe,
How sayst thou *Promos*, to her playnte? arte giltye? yea, or noe?
Why speakst thou not? a faulty harte, thy scilence sore doth showe.
Pro. My gilty hart commaunds my tongue. O king, to tell a troth,
I doe confesse this tale is true, and I deserue thy wrath.
King. And is it so? this wicked deede, thou shalt ere long buy deare,
Cassandra, take comfort in care, be of good cheere:
Thy forced fault, was free from euill intent,
So long, no shame, can blot thee any way.
And though at ful, I hardly can content thee,
Yet as I may, assure thy selfe I wyl.
Thou wycked man, might it not thee suffice,
By worse then force, to spoyle her chastitie,
But heaping sinne on sinne against thy oth,
Haste cruelly, her brother done to death.
This ouer proofe, ne can but make me thinke,
That many waies thou hast my subiectes wrongd:
For how canst thou with Justice vse thy swaie?
When thou thy selfe dost make thy will a lawe?
Thy tyrranny made mee, this progresse make,
How so, for sport tyll nowe I colloured it
Unto this ende, that I might learne at large,
What other wronges by power, thou hast wrought,

And héere, I heare: the Kitche ſuppreſſe the poore:
So that it ſéemes, the beſt and thou art friendes:
I plaſte thée not, to be a partiall Iudge.
Thy Officers are couetous I finde,
By whoſe reportes, thou ouerruleſt ſutes.
Then who that geues, an Item in the hande,
In ryght, and wrong, is ſure of good ſucceſſe.
Well, Mariet, well: to ſlowe I bether came,
To ſcourge, thy faultes, and ſaue the ſores thou mad'ſt:
On thée vyle wretche, this ſentence I pronounce.
That forthwith, thou ſhalt marrie *Caſſandra*,
For to repayre hir honour, thou vydſt waſte:
The next daye thou ſhalt loſe thy hated lyfe,
In penaunce, that thou mad'ſt hir Brother dye.
Pro. My faultes were great, O King, yet graunt me mercie,
That nowe with bloody ſighes, lament my ſinnes too late.
King. *Hæc facias alteri, quod tibi vis fieri:*
Pittie was no plée for, when you in iudgement ſate,
Prepare your ſelfe to dye, in vaine you hope for lyfe.
My Lordes, bring him with mée: *Caſſandra* come you in like caſe:
My ſelfe wyll ſée, thy honour ſalu'd, in making thée his Wife,
The ſoner to ſhorten his dayes.
All the company. We wayte vpon your Grace.

¶ As the King is going out, a Poore man ſhall kneele in his waye.

KYng. For *Vlrico*, I wyll, Commiſſion ſhould be made,
To For *Anthony Alberto*, and *Iuſtice Diron*,
To heare and determine, all ſutes to be had
Betwene Maiſter *Proſtro*, and this poore man: is it done?
Vlrico. Renowned King, it is ready:
King. Repayre to For *Vlrico*, for thy Commiſſion:
All. God preſerue your Maieſtie.
They all depart, ſaue the *Clowne*.

Clowne, Bones

Clow. Bones of me, a mã were better speak to great Lords chy ſée,
Then to our proude, Juſtlers of peace, that byn in the cuntry:
He that is rytch, as my dame ſayth, goes away with the Hare.
This two yére, they haue hard my matter, & yet cham nere ẏ nére,
And at firſt dash, a god fatte Lorde, God in heauen ſaue his life,
Fayth, for nothing, teld the King of Pas *Prostros*, and my ſtrife.
O Leard, ych thought the King could not bide, on poore men to loke,
But God ſaue his Grace, at fyrſt dash, my Supplycation he toke:
And you hard, how gently, he calld más poore man, and wild me goe,
For my Paſport, I kenne not what, to godſyr *Vlrico*.
Well, chull goe fort, and hope to be with Maſter *Prostros* to byring:
But ere ych goe, chul my Ballat, of god King *Cornine* ſing.

The Clownes Song.

YOu Barrons bolde, and luſtie Lads,
Prepare to welcome, our good King:
VVhoſe comming ſo, his Subiectes glads,
As they for ioye, the Belles doo ryng.
They fryske, and ſkippe, in euerie place,
And happy he, can ſee his face.
VVho checks the rytch, that wrong by might,
And helpes the poore, vnto his right.

¶The loue that rygour gettes through feare,
VVith grace and mercie, he doth wyn:
For which we praye thus, euerie whore,
Good Lorde preſerue, our King Corwin.
His fauour raignes, in euerie place:
And happy he, can ſee his face. *Exit.*

Actus 4. Scena. 1.

¶ *Gresco*, a good substantiall Offycer, Two *Beadelles* in blew Coates, with Typestaues.

Gresco. Come loytring knaues, spéede about your businesse,
Fetche mee in, all ydle vacaboundes.
First. Yes fyr yes:
Gres. Searche Ducke alley, Cocke lane, and Scouldes corner,
About your charge, lets see, howe you can sturre.
Sec. Yes, I haue winges in my heeles to flee.
First. Who giues two pence, a straunge Monster to sée.
Sec. What Monster?
First. A horned Beast, with winges vpon his heeles.
Sec. Out dronken dreule?
Gres. What? runnes your heades a wheeles?
Be packing bothe, and that betymes you are best.
First. We are gone Syr, we dyd but speake in ieast.
Exeunt. Beadelles.
Gres. The King, I sayth, hath set vs all a worke,
To searche odde holes, where ydle varlettes lurke.
He so nyped, our *Maior* for yll rule:
As euer since, he hath bene lyke to whule.
And in a rage, the man is nowe so whotte,
As lewde personnes, tagge, and ragge, goes to potte.
But in chiefe, he stormes, at fine Mistrisse *Lamia*.
She drinkes, for all, come she once in his waye,
And least she scape, my selfe forsooth he wylles,
Worshipfullie to fetche hir, with fortie Bylles.
Well, I must goe, and worke our *Maiors* beast,
No force, for once, she wyll neuer be honest. *Exit.*

Actus.

Actus. 4. *Scena*. 2.

Andrugio, as out of the vvoodde, with Bowe and Arrowes, and a Cony at his gyrdle.

AN. This sauage life, were hard to brooke, if hope no cõfort gaue:
But I (whose life, frõ Tyrants wrath, Gods prouidẽce did saue,
Do take in worth this misery, as penaunce for my mys:
Stil fed with hope to chaũge this state, when Gods good pleasure is.
A hollow Caue for house, and bed, in worth *Andrugio* takes,
Such sorie fode, as fortune sendes, be syldome nowe forsakes.
I am my selfe forsothe, nowe Butcher, Cooke, Cater and all:
Yea, often tymes I fall to slæpe, with none, or supper small.
Then in my Denne, I call to minde, the lyfe I lyu'de in blisse:
And by the want I frædome iudge, the greatest ioye that is.
The fræman is in viewe of friendes, to haue release in nede:
The exyle, though he haue no lacke, yet lyues he styll in dreede
That his mysdædes, wyll hardly scape, the punishment of lawe:
And lyuing, he were better dead, that lyueth in this awe,
Besides this feare, which neuer fayles, the banisht man in want,
As ofte he is, is sure to finde his succor's verie scant.
Then who is he so mad, that friendes, and frædome doth enioye?
That wyll aduenture breach of lawe, to lyue in this annoye?
And not annoye to him alone, but to his friendes and kyn:
Great be the cares, *Cassandra*, and *Polina* lyueth in.
Through thought, of me, whom long agone, beheaded they suppose,
For my offence, thus are they scorgde, yet dare I not disclose
My safetie, for their helpe: but harke, who commeth here?
This chaunce semes strange: God graunt good newes, I hope, and (yet I feare.

Iohn Adroynes,

Iohn Adreynes a Clowne, *Andrugio.*

IOhn. If che could finde my Mare, che would be ruſty by the rood,
And cham ſure the hozechup, is peaking in this wood.
Chy wyl ſæke euery cozner, but che wyll find her.
He whiſtlyng lookes vp and downe the ſtage.
An. This clowne can hardly mée bewray, and yet ſuch dungbyll (churles,
Such newes, as is in market tounes, about the country whozles.
What ſækes thou good fellow?
Iohn. My ſqawde Mare, doſt her know?
An. No.
Iohn. Then ſcummer mé not, in haſte ych goe,
Sæke my Mare, to ſée the ſpozt at *Iulio.*
An. What ſpozt?
Iohn. A lyttel ſpozt.
An. What?
Iohn. Nay ſkyl not a whit?
An. What meanes this Aſſe?
Iohn. T'wyll teache the hozecup wyt.
Y'yll hang, handſome young men foz the ſoote ſinne of loue,
When ſo his knauery, himſelfe, a bawdy iack doth pzoue.
An. His wozdes ſæmeth ſtraunge, ſomwhat is a wzy.
Iohn. Wel, chyll ſæ his ſhoulders, from's ſowle to fyre.
An. Whoſe ſhoulders friend?
Iohn. As though you dyd know.
An. Whome?
Iohn. Lozd *Promos.*
An. Yes: my moſt accurſed foe?
But what of him?
Iohn. Thou kenſt.
An. No.
Iohn. Sayſt not, yes,
An. Yes:
Iohn. So,

An. But

An. But friend thou tok'ſt my wordes amys,
I know nothing, in what ſtate *Promos* is.
Iohn. Thou knowſt, and thou knoweſt not: out horſon ſole,
Leaue ſtealing Cunnyes, and get thee to ſcole,
Farewell.
An. Soft.
Iohn. D to'arte no ſole good theefe:
Saue my mony take my life.
An. Tuſh be breefe.
Some newes, of lewde Lord *Promos* tell mée,
And wyth lyfe and mony, yle ſet thee free.
Iohn. I wyll thou knowſt the King now at *Iulio*.
An. Very well.
Iohn. Thou canſt tel as wel as I.
Let me goe:
An. Nay yle ſee if thou doſt lye.
If thou doſt yle whip thee, when thou haſt done.
Iohn. Billyng and lying, ich ſee is all one:
And chaue no mony, chul tell true therfore.
An. Diſpatch then.
Iohn. Then, lying Promoter, this more:
Caſgandra ſcu.de, *Promos* of honeſtie:
And killyng *Ramſtrugio* for bandry.
An. What more?
Iohn. The king at *Promos*, great pleaſure did take,
And *Caſgandra*, an honeſt woman to make:
The K.ng maunded him, her ſtrayght to marry,
And for killyng her brother, he muſt dye.
An. Is this true?
Iohn. Why? how ſay you? doe I lye?
An. Well, ſo or noe, for thy newes haue this connie.
Iohn. Gods bores, geue it me, to be ſwete, tis to cheape,
Bur Lady yet, tyll ſunday it will keepe:
Well, now god bwye, Pas lying Promoter,
Wees ſee at the ſport.
An. I peraduenture.

 Iohn. Since

Iohn. Since can not finde my Pare, on fote chull goe:
Pch thinke, each daye a nowre, to be at *Iulio*. *Exit.*
An. Straunge are the newes, the Clowne hath ſhowne to me:
Not ſtraunge a whyt, if they well ſcanned be.
For God we ſee, ſtyll throwes the Tyrant downe:
Euen in the heyght, and pride of his renowne.
Lorde *Promos* rule, nay, tyranny in deede,
For Iudges is a mirror, worthy heede.
The wretched man, with ſhowe of Iuſtice zeale,
Thoroughly dyd, with pwre offenders deale.
The wicked man, both, knewe, and mdg'd, abuſe:
And none ſo much, as he her faultes dyd vſe.
Ye fellons hang'd, yet by extorcion, ſcoale:
Ye wantons plag'd, himſelfe a doating fole.
Ye others checkt, for ſuing for their right:
And he himſelfe, mayntained wrongs by might.
But ſee the rule of miſchiefe, in his pride:
Ye headlong falles, when leaſt, he thought to ſlide.
Well, by his fall, I maye perhaps aryſe:
Andrugio yet, in clyming be thou wyſe.
What? ſtyll vnknowne, ſhall I liue in this wood?
Not ſo.
Go wraye theſe newes, no doubt, vnto my good.
Yet ere I go, I wyll my ſelfe diſguiſe,
As in the Towne, in ſpyte of *Linxes* eyes.
I wyll vnknowne, learne howe the game doth go,
But ere I go, ſyth eaſed is my woe:
My thankes to God, I firſt in ſong wyll ſhoe.

Andrugios Song.

TO thee O Lorde, with harte, and voyce I ſyng,
VVhoſe mercie great, from mone to ſweete delight:
From griefe to ioye, my troubled ſoule doeſt bring,
Yea, more thy wrath, hath foylde my foe in ſyght.

VVho

VVho ſought my lyfe (which thou O God didſt ſaue)
Thy ſcorge hath brought, vntimelie to his graue.

VVhoſe griefe wyll gawle, a thouſande Iudges moe,
And wyll them ſee, them ſelues, and ſentence iuſt:
When blacke reproche, this thundring ſhame ſhall ſhoe,
A Iudge condemde for murder, theſte, and luſte.
This ſcorge, O God, the lewde in feare wyll bring,
The iuſt for ioye, thy prayſes lowde wyll ſyng.
Exit.

Greſco, with three other, with bylles, bringing in *Lamia* priſoner.

GReſ. Come on faire Dame, ſince faire woꝛds, woꝛks no hęde,
Now fowle meanes ſhall: in you repentaunce bꝛęde.
La. Maiſter *Greſco*, where you maye helpe, hurt not.
Greſ. And nothing but chaſtment, wyll helpe you to amende.
Well, I wyll not hurt you, your lewdnes to defende.
La. My lewdnes Syꝛ: what is the difference,
Betwixt wantons, and hooꝛders of pence?
Greſ. Thou haſt winde at wyll, but in thy eyes no water:
Tho'arte full of Grace, howe ſhe bluſheth at the matter.
La. Howe ſample I, your wyfe and daughter Syꝛ?
Greſ. Arc mæ, when whypping hath chaung'd thy Nature.
La. What whypping? why? am I a Hoꝛſe, oꝛ a Mare?
Greſ. No, but a beaſt, that mętelie well wyll bare.
La. In dęde (as) nowe, perfoꝛce, I beare this ſlowt:
But vſe me well, elſe I fayth, gette I out,
Looke foꝛ quittaunce.
Byl. Binde hir to the Peace Syꝛ. *Firſt Bilm*
So maye your Woꝛſhip be out of daunger.
Greſ. Bꝛing hir awaye, I knowe howe to tame hir.
La. Perhaps Syꝛ, no: the woꝛſt is but ſhame hir.
Byl. Come ye dꝛab. *Secõd Bilm.*
La. Howe nowe ſcab? bandes of my Gowne.
Byl. Care not foꝛ this, yuſe haue a blew one ſoone. *Exeunt. Third Bil.*

Caſsandra.

CAſ. Vnhappy Wench, the more I ſéeke, for to abandone griefe,
The further off, I wretched finde, both comfort and reliefe.
My Brother firſt, for wanton faultes, condemned was to dye:
To ſaue whoſe life, my ſute, wrought hope of Grace, but haples I.
By ſuch requeſt, my honor ſpoyld, and gayned not his breath:
For which deceyte, I haue purſude, Lorde *Promos* vnto death.
Who is my Huſbande nowe become, it pleaſd our Soueraigne ſo,
For to repayre, my craſed Fame: but that nowe workes my wo.
This day, he muſt (oh) léeſe his head, my Brothers death to quite,
And therin Fortune hath alas, ſhowne me hir greateſt ſpyte.
Nature wyld mée, my Brother loue, now dutie commaunds mée,
To preferre before kyn, or friend, my Huſbands ſafetie.
But O, aye mée, by Fortune, I, am made his chiefeſt foe:
T'was I als, euen onely I, that wrought his ouerthroe.
What ſhall I dw, to worke amends, for this my haynous déede?
The tyme is ſhort, my power ſmall, his ſuccors areth ſpéede.
And ſhall I ſéeke, to ſaue his blwd, that lately ſought his lyfe?
O, yea I then was ſworne his foe: but nowe as faithfull Wife,
I muſt and wyll, preferre his health, God ſende me gwd ſucceſſe:
For nowe vnto the King I wyll, my chaunged minde to expreſſe.

Exit.

Phallax.

PHal. Alas euer man, ſet more frér then I:
Firſt went my gwdes, then my Office dyd flye:
But had the King, ſet me frée from flattrie,
The next deare yeare, I might haue ſtaru'd, perdie.
But Lorde *Promos*, hath a farre more frér chaunce:
He free from Landes, gwdes, and Office doth daunce:
And ſhalbe free from life, ere long, with a Launce.
The Officers, and chiefe men of *Iulio*:
Vengeaunce lyberall, themſelues lykewiſe ſhoe.
Poore knaues, and queanes, that vp and downe do goe,
Theſe horeſon kinde cruſtes, in houſes beſtoe.

But

But yet, poze chéere, they haue: marry foz beate,
They whyp them, vntyll verie blod they ſweate.
But ſee, their coſt beſtowde of fyne *Lamia*,
To ſaue hir féete, from harde ſtones, and colde waye,
Into a Carte, they dyd the queane conuaye.
Apparelled, in collours verie gaye:
Both Hode, and Gowne, of greene, and yellowe Saye.
Hir Garde, weare Cypſtaues, all in blewe arraye.
Befoze hir a noyſe of Baſons dyd playe.
In this triumphe, ſhe ryd well nye a daye.
Fie, fie, the Citie is ſo purged nowe:
As they of none, but honeſt men allowe,
So that farewell my parte, of thziuing there:
But the beſt is, flattrers lyue euerie where.
Set cocke on hope, *Domini eſt terra.*
If thou can not where thou wouldſt, lyue where thou maye.
Yes, yes *Phallax*, knoweth whether to go:
Nowe, God bwy ye all, honeſt men of *Iulio*
As the Deuilles lykes, the company of Friers,
So flattrers loues as lyke, to ioyne with lyers.

Actus. 5. Scena. 1.

Andrugio, diſguiſed in ſome long blacke Cloake.

AN. Theſe two dayes, I haue bene in Court diſguiſ'd:
Where I haue learnd, the ſcoze that is deuiſ'd,
Foz *Promos* faulte, he my Syſter ſpowſed hath,
To ſalue hir Fame, crackt by his breache of fayth.
And ſhoztlie he, muſt loſe his ſubtyll head:
Foz murdzing me, whome no man thinkes but dead.
His wyll, was good: and therfoze beſhzewe mee,
If (mou'd with ruthe) I ſeeke, to ſet him free.
But ſoftlie, with ſome newes, theſe fellowes come:
I wyll ſtande cloſe, and heare both all and ſome.

Actus 5. Scena. 2.

Enter *Vlrico, Marshall.*

VL. *Marshall*, heare you warrant is: with ſpéede,
The king commaundes, that *Promos* you behead.
Mar. Sir, his highneſſe wyll, ſhalbe forthwith done.
Exit. Marshall.
Vl. The king welnye to pardon him was wonne,
His beauy wyfe, ſuch ſtormes of teares did ſhowre,
As myght, with rueth, haue moyſt a ſtony hart.
But *Promos* guylt, dyd ſoone this grace devoure.
Our gratious king, before hir wretched ſmart,
Preferd, the helth, of this our common weale:
But ſee againe, to ſue for him ſhe comes,
Yer ruthfull lookes, her greéfe, doth force mée féele.
With hope, I muſt, hir ſorrowes néedes delay:
Tyll *Promos* be diſpacht out of the way.

Actus. 5. Scena. 3.

Caſſandra.

CAſ. Syr *Vlrico*, if that my vnknowne greéfe,
May moue good mindes, to helpe mee to releéfe,
Or bytter ſyghes, of comfort cleane diſmayde,
May moue a man, a ſhiftleſſe dame to ayde:
Rue of my teares, from true intent which flowe,
Unto the king, with me, yet once more goe.
Sée if his grace, my huſbands lyfe wyll ſaue,
If not, with his, death ſhall my corps ingraue.
Vl. What ſhall I doe, her ſorrowes to decreace?
Feede her, with hope: fayre dame, this mone ſurceaſe,

I see the king to grace is somewhat bent,
We once agayne thy sorrowes wyll present:
Come we wyl wayght for tyme, thy sute to show.
Cas. God knight, for time, doe not my sute foreslowe.
Whylst grasse, doth growe ofte sterues the seely steede.
VI. Feare not, your Lorde, shal not dye with such speede. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Andrugio*.

An. Lord God, how am I tormented in thought?
My sisters woe, such rueth in me doth graue:
As fayne I would (if ought saue death I caught)
Bewray my selfe, Lord *Promos* life to saue.
But lyfe is sweete, and naught but death I eye,
If that I should, my safety now disclose:
So that I chuse, of both the euels, he dye:
Time wyll appease, no dought, *Cassandras* woes,
And shal, I thus acquite *Cassandras* loue?
To worke her ioy? and shall I feare to dye?
Whylst, that she lyue, no comforte may remoue
Care from her harte, if that hir husband dye?
Then shall I stycke, to hasard lym? nay life?
To salue hir greefe, since in my cure it rests.
Nay fyrst, I wilbe spoyld, with blooddy knife,
Before, I fayle, her, plunged in distres.
Death, is but death, and all in fyne shall dye
Thus (being dead) my fame, shall liue alway:
Well, to the king, *Andrugio* now wyll hye,
Hap lyfe, hap death, his safety, to bewray. *Exit.*

Actus.5.*Scena*.4.

The *Marshall*, three or fowre with halbards,
Leading *Promos* to execution.

BYl. Roome friends, what meane you thus to gase on ds, *A Bylmã,*
A comes behinde, makes all the sport I wus.

Pro. Farewel.

Pro. Farewell, my friendes, take warning by my fall,
Diſdaine my life, but lyſten to my ende,
Freſh barmes, they ſay, the viewers ſo apall,
As oft they win, the wicked to amend.
I nede not beare, my faultes at large recyte,
Untimely death, doth witneſſe what I was:
A wicked man, which made eache wrong ſæme right,
Euen as I would, was wreſted euery caſe.
And thus long tyme, I liu'd and rule by wyl,
Where as I lou'd, their faultes, I would not ſée:
Thoſe I did hate, ſome tymes beyond there yll
I did perſue, vyle wretch, with cruelty.
Yea dayly I, from bad, to woꝛſe did flyde,
The reaſon was, none durſt, controule my lyfe:
But ſée the fall, of miſchæue, in his pride,
My faultes, were knowne, and loe with bloody Axe,
The headſman ſtrayght, my wronges with death wyll quite:
The which, in woꝛth I take, acknowledging,
The dome, was geuen, on cauſe, and not on ſpyte,
Wiſhing my ende, might ſerue foꝛ a warning.
Foꝛ ſuch as rule, and make their will a lawe,
If to ſuch good, my faynting tale might tend,
Wretched *Promos*, the ſame would lenger drawe:
But if that woꝛdes preuayle, my wofull ende
From my huge faultes, then tenne times moꝛe wyll warne.
Foꝛgeueneſſe now, of all the woꝛld I craue,
Therewith that you, in zealous prayer, wyll
Beſæche of God, that I the grace may haue:
At latter gaſpe, the feare of death to kyll.
Mar. Foꝛwards my Lord, me thinkes you fayntly goe.
Pro. O ſyr, in my caſe, your ſelfe would be as ſlowe.

Actus.

Actus. 5. *Scena*. 5.

Enter *Cassandra*, *Polina*, and one mayde.

CAs. Aye me, alas: my hope is vntimely.
Whether goes my good Lord?
Pro. Sweete wife, to dye.
Cas. O wretched wench, where may I first complayne?
When heauen, and earth, agrees vpon my payne?
Pro. This mone good wife, for Chrystes sake, forsake:
I late resolu'd, through feare of death, now quake.
Not so much, for my haynous sinnes forepast:
As for the greefe that present thou dost tast.
Cas. Nay, I vile wretch, should most agréued be,
Before thy time, thy death which hastened haue:
But (O swete husband) my fault forgeue mée.
And for amends, Ile helpe to fyll thy graue:
Pro. Forgeue thee, ah: nay, for my soules relése,
Forget swéete wyfe, this thy most guyltles gréefe.
Mar. My Lord *Promos*, these playntes, but moue hir mone,
And your more gréefe, it is best you ware gone:
Good Paddame way, by lawe, your Lord doth dye,
Wherefore make vertue of necessity:
Delay, but workes your sorrowes, and our blames,
So that now, to the comfort of these dames:
And your wisdome, inforced, we leaue you:
My Lord *Promos*, byd your wife and friends adew.
Pro. Farewell, farewell, be of good cheare deare wyfe:
With ioy for woe, I shall exchange this life.
Andrugios death, *Polina* forgeue mée:
Poli. I doe, and pray the Lord, to relæue yée.
Cas. Yet ere we part, sweete husband let vs kis,
O, at his lyppes, why fayleth not my breath?
Pro. Leaue mone, swete wife, I doe deserue this death.
Farewell, farewell.

They all depart, ſaue *Polina*, *Caſſandra*, and her vvoman.

CAſ. My louing Lorde, farewell,
I hope ere long, my ſoule with thine ſhall dwell.
Po. Now, good Madame, leaue of this boteleſſe griefe.
Caſ. O *Polina*, ſorrowe is my reliefe.
Wherfore, ſweete wenche, helpe me to rue my woe,
With me vyle wretche, thy bytter plaintes beſtowe:
To haſten lyngring death, who wanteth might:
I ſee, alone, to flee, the wretched wight.
Po. Nay, firſt powre forth your playnts, to the powers Diuine,
When hate, doth clowde, all worldly grace, whoſe mercies ſtyll do ſhine.
Caſ. O, ſo or no, thy motion doeth well,
Swan lyke, in ſong, to towle my paſſing Bell.

The Song of *Caſſandra*.

¶ Deare Dames diuorſe, your minds frō ioy, helpe to bewayle my wo,
Condole with me, whoſe heauy ſights, the pangs of death do ſhoe:
Rend heairs, ſhed teares, poore wēch diſtreſt, to haſt the means to dye,
VVhoſe ioye, annoy: reliefe, whoſe griefe, hath ſpoyld with crueltie.

My brother ſlaine, my huſband ah, at poynt to loſe his head,
VVhy lyue I then vnhappy wench, my ſuckers being dead:
O time, O cryme, O cauſe, O lawes, that Iudgd them thus to dye:
I blame, you all, my ſhame, my thrall, you hate that harmeleſſe trye.

This Tragidy they haue begun, conclude I vvretched muſt,
O vvelcome care, conſume the thread, thereto my life doth truſt:
Sound bell, my knell, avvay delaie, and geue mee leaue to dye,
Les hope, haue ſcope vnto my hart, a freſh for ayde to flye.

Enter

Enter *Ganio* sometime *Andrugios* Boye.

GA. O sweete newes, for *Polina* and *Cassandra*,
Andrugio lyues:
Po. What doth your *Ganio* saye?
Ga. *Andrugio* lyues: and *Promos* is reprin'd:
Cas. Vaine is thy hope, I sawe *Andrugio* dead.
Ga. Well, then from death, he is againe renyu'd.
Euen nowe, I sawe him, in the market stead.
Po. His wordes are straunge.
Cas. Tho sweete, God wot, for true.
Ga. I praye you, who are these here in your viewe
Cas. The King.
Ga. Who more?
Po. O, I see *Andrugio*.
Cas. And I my Lorde *Promos*, adue forrowe.

Enter the King, *Andrugio*, *Promos*, *Ulrico*, the *Marshall*.

PO. My good *Andrugio*?
An. My sweete *Polina*.
Cas. Lyues *Andrugio*, welcome sweete brother.
An. *Cassandra*?
Cas. I.
An. Howe fare, my deare Syster?
King. *Andrugio*, you shall have more leysure.
To greete one another: it is our pleasure,
That you forthwith, your Fortunes here declare,
And by what meanes, you thus preserued weare.
An. My fault, through loue, and iudgement for my faulte.
Lorde *Promos* wronges, vnto my Sister done.
My death supposde, dreade King, were vaine to tell.
Cassandra heare, those dealinges all hath showne.
The rest are these.

When I should dye, the Gayler mou'd to ruth,
Declard to mée, what *Promos* pleasure was:
Amazde wherat, I tolde him all the trueth,
What, betwene *Cassandra*, and him dyd passe.
He much agrieu'd, Lorde *Promos* guylt to heare,
Was verie lothe, mée (wofull man) to harme:
At length, iust God, to set me (wretched) cleare,
With this defence, his wylling minde dyd arme.
Two dayes afore, to death, were diuers done,
For seuerall faultes, by them committed:
So that of them, he toke the head from one,
And to *Cassandra*, the same presented:
Affirming it, to be hir brothers head.
Which done, by night, he sent me post away,
None but supposed, that I in déede was dead:
When as in trueth, in vncouth hauntes I laye.
In fine, a Clowne, came peaking through the wood,
Wherin I lyu'd, your Graces being here:
And *Promos* death, by whome I vnderstood,
Glad of which newes, howe so I lyud in feare.
I ventured to sée his wretched fall:
No frée suspect, yet straunger lyke arayde,
I hether came: but loe, the inwarde thrall
Of *Cassandra*, the hate, so sore dismayde.
Which I conceyued agaynst my brother *Promos*,
That loe, I chewl'd, to yéld my selfe to death,
To set him frée: for otherwyse I knew,
His death ere long, would sure haue stopt her breath.
Loe gratious king, in brefe I here haue showne,
Such aduentures, as wretched I haue past:
Beséeching you with grace to thinke vpon,
The wight that wayles, his follyes at the last.
King. A strange discourse, as straungely come to light,
Gods pleasure is, that thou shouldst pardoned be:
To saue the fault, thou with *Polina* madst,
But marry her, and heare I set thée frée.

Post

An. Most gratious Prince, thereto I gladly gré:
Poli. *Polina*, the happiest newes of all for thee.
Cas. Most gratious King, with these my ioye to match,
Vouchsafe, to geue my dampned husbande lyfe.
King. If I do so, let him thanke thée his Wife:
Cassandra, I haue noted thy distresse,
Thy vertues eke, from first, vnto the last:
And glad I am, without offence it lyes,
In me to ease, thy griefe, and beauines.
Andrugio sau'd, the iuell of thy ioye,
And for thy sake, I pardon *Promos* faulte.
Yea let them both, thy vertues rare commende:
In that their woes, with this delyght doth ende.
Company. God preserue your Maiestie.
Pro. *Cassandra*, howe shall I discharge thy due?
Cas. I dyd, but what a Wife, shoulde do for you.
King. Well, since all partes are pleased, as they woulde,
Before I parte, yet *Promos*, this to thée:
Henceforth, forethinke, of thy forepassed faultes,
And measure Grace, with Justice euermore.
Vnto the poore, haue euermore an eye,
And let not might, out countenaunce their right:
Thy Officers, trust not in euery tale.
In chiefe, when they are meanes, in strifes and sutes,
Though thou be iust, yet coyne maye them corrupt.
And if by them, thou dost vnIustice showe,
Lys thou shalt beare, the burden of their faultes.
Be louing to good *Cassandra*, thy Wife:
And friendlie to thy brother *Andrugio*,
Whome I commaund, as faythfull for to be
To thée, as beseemes the duety of a brother.
And now agayne, thy gouernment receyue,
Inioye it so, as thou in Justice ioye.
If thou be wyse, thy fall maye make thee ryse.

The loſt ſheepe founde, for ioye, the feaſt was made.
Well, here an ende, of my aduiſe I make,
As I haue ſayde, be good vnto the poore.
And Juſtice ioyne, with mercie enermore.
Pro. Moſt gratious King, I wyll not fayle my beſt,
In theſe preceptes, to followe your beheaſt.

FINIS. *G. Whetſtone.*

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